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World Review

Incorporating Review of Reviews

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BOOK REVIEWS: by

Bernard Causton; C. H. Sisson; Bernard Wall; Kenneth Robinson; P. M. Fitzgerald; J. P. Hodin; V. C. Clinton-Baddeley; James Turner; Stevie Smith; Roger Manvell

ON COVER:

Statue of ST. GEORGE, attributed to Aleijadhino (The Little Cripple), *Inconfidencia Museum, Ouro Preto*

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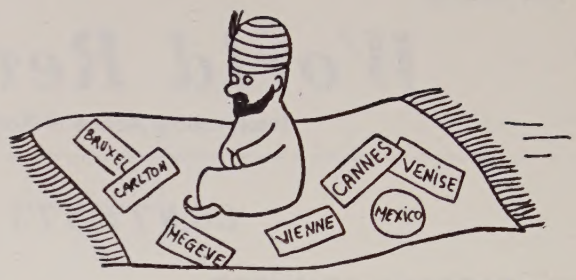
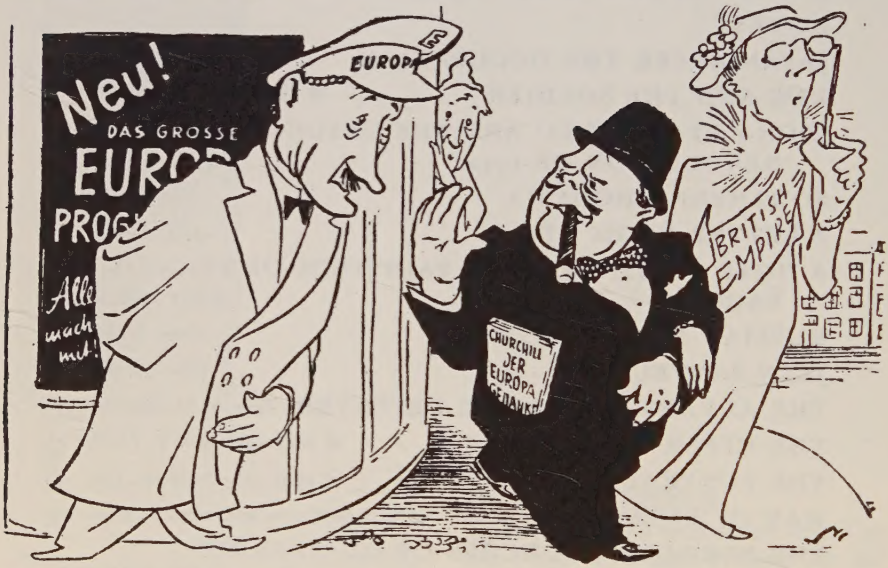
Cartoon

The Synthesis
Die Nation (Switzerland)



Le Canard Enchaîné

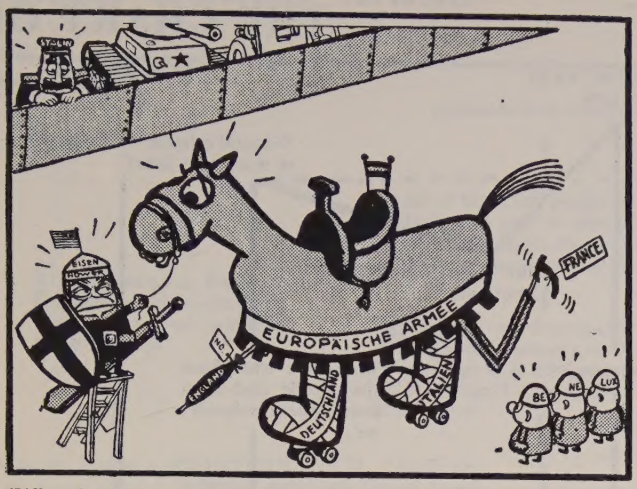


'Sorry—She comes first now'
Sudkurier (Germany)

'They mustn't grow too big'
Der Fortschritt (Germany)

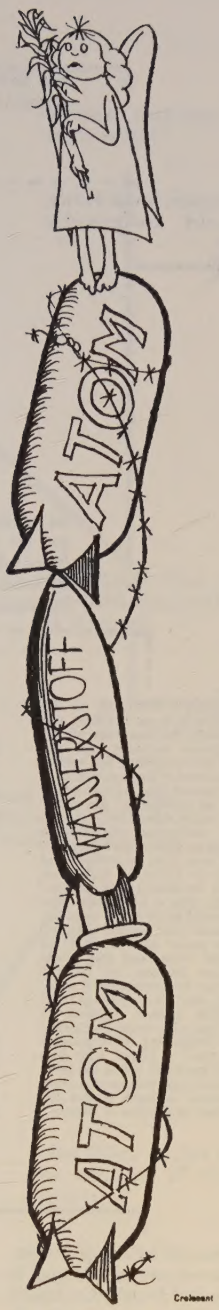
'Tap, tap—there he goes again'
Die Zeit (Germany)

Comment



'Why don't you get on?' *Die Volkskrant* (Amsterdam)

'You let Astrachov escape . . . and now the Americans will know the most important American atomic secrets'
Candido (Italy)



The Foundations of Peace
Nebelspalter (Switzerland)

THE CHART OF

THE REVOLT AGAINST AN INDUSTRIALISED SOCIETY

ROUSSEAU

'Natural religion'—'finding God in one's own heart'

Utopias, Brook Farms, model communities. etc.

Saint Simon's 'new Christianity'

ROMANTICISM

Michelet's 'learn from the simple and even from patient animals', etc.

DE MUSSET's 'man in black' *qui me ressemblait comme un frère* and who is 'really' Death by suicide. One of the first appearances of this character

RENAN's *Vie de Jésus* (1863) 'the charming doctor'

OSCAR WILDE in *De Profundis* 'I see in Christ not merely the essentials of the supreme romantic type but all the accidents, the wilfulness even, of the romantic temperament also... his morality is all sympathy, just what morality should be... to turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that to his friends who listened as he sat at meat the coarse food seemed delicate, the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odour and sweetness of nard, etc., etc.' This implies (1) that Wilde cannot imagine a Christ who would disapprove of Wilde. (2) Wilde cannot imagine a Christ who does not resemble Wilde in rather vague appreciation of natural beauty. A good typical example of this line of thought.

Stevenson's 'Will o' the Mill'—a masterpiece, but an unfortunate one in that a kindly visitor in black is 'really' Death

Anatole France—pretty stories from the Saints, bookish cynicism

Georgian writers—Sentimental interest in '*The Little Flowers of S. Francis*'. Children's Corner in churches. Limp leather prayer-books with gilt edges. Jugglers of Notre-Dame. Brother Donkey

Passing of the Third Floor Back (1908). The stranger ('really' Christ) changes people's lives but does not reprove them

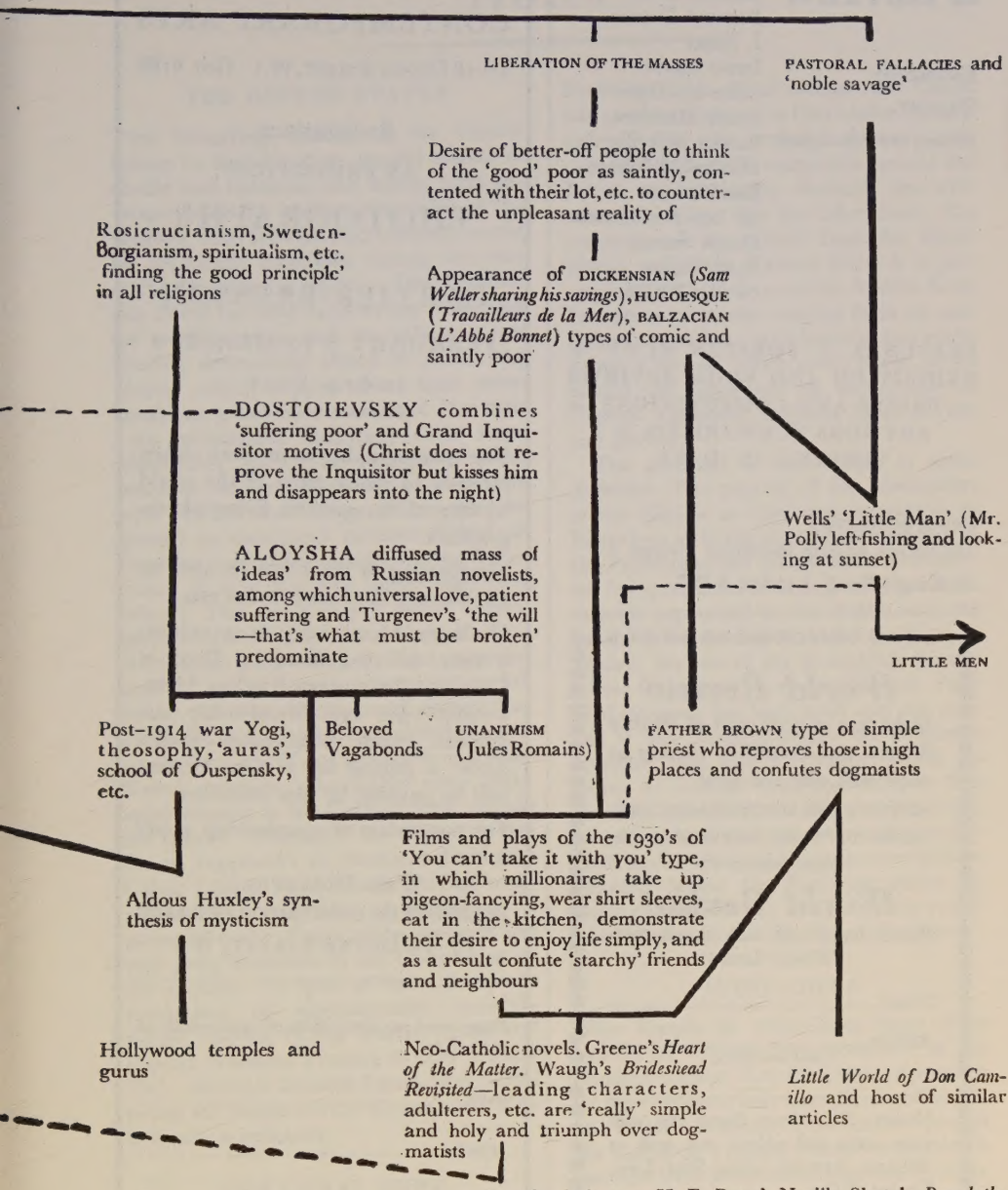
Anouilh's *Point of Departure*—a pitying stranger is 'really' Death; Cocteau's *Orphée*: a dark woman is 'really' death

Eliot's *Cocktail Party*. A titled psychiatrist is 'really' Death (his more bracing tone and good social standing relate him closely to the Grand Inquisitor)

Gallico's *Small Miracle* and all other animal miracles. Somerset Maugham's *Catrina*, etc.

Note on Chart: It is not claimed that all the ideas of all the writers baked ideas. It is only intended to illustrate the structure of

HALF-BAKED IDEAS



on this chart are half-baked, or that the chart includes all half-
one or two half-baked ideas particularly disliked by the editor.

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Notes

THE UNITED STATES

THE Founding Fathers of the United States, in devising their careful system of checks and balances, can hardly have envisaged that the whole political life of the country, both internal and external, would be practically paralysed during the year of the Presidential election. The Republican Party has now been in the wilderness for twenty years, and its adherents are making determined efforts to ensure the victory which slipped from their overconfident grasp four years ago. But their very enthusiasm seemingly finds them irrevocably split. The old guard party machine politicos, after losing successively with Willkie and Dewey, whom they regarded as dangerous radicals foisted on them for purposes of expediency, are determined to run this time under their own colours. This group stands solidly behind Senator Taft. They know that, if he is elected, the party faithful will be rewarded and the spoils system maintained in full flower. In fact, they would sooner lose under Taft than win under Eisenhower, whom they regard as a man of dangerously liberal opinions, who might even make appointments to his Cabinet from outside the party. Although the General has strong supporters in Senators Duff and Cabot Lodge, he is faced, barring some extraordinary revulsion of feeling, by a powerful body of opposition amongst the real party stalwarts at the Convention in the summer. In spite of the unfortunate revelations of administrative scandals, public opinion in the United States still expects President Truman to beat Senator Taft, although General Eisenhower would sweep the board for the Republicans if he is finally nominated.

THE CANAL ZONE

There are two distinct elements in the present dispute between this country and Egypt. The problem of the Suez Canal Zone, the most spectacular in its immediate effects, is the one that most easily lends itself to eventual compromise. Court and moderate circles in Cairo have quickly grasped that the irregular forces taking part in the guerrilla campaign against the British might develop distinctly less welcome ambitions. On the other hand, the retention of the Canal Zone by either British or United Nations forces is a prerequisite to the defence of the Middle East. Its communications, storage facilities and ease of access from both hemispheres make it into a bastion which could never be replaced by anywhere so vulnerable as Cyprus. Common interests must in the end prevail.

The problem of the Sudan is quite different. The control of the headwaters of the Nile is as vital and important to Egyptians as is the control of Kashmir to the Pakistanis. But the tradition of Sudanese independence is strong, and has been actively supported by the British with the assistance of Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, the son of the formidable fanatic whose forces met us at Omdurman. Political progress has been swift and the contest is now really whether the Sudanese consider that the Egyptians would be easier to handle than the British. The British Government would be well advised to take a lead in laying down the conditions under which independence would be granted before the Sudanese make up their minds that they might be able to get better terms as an Egyptian Dominion.

INDO-CHINA

The French in Indo-China have little reason to welcome any settlement of the Korean conflict. Any relaxation of pressure in the north can only mean further Chinese aid to Ho Chi-minh in the south. Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, whose tragic death we now have to mourn, succeeded by sheer force of personality and example in radically changing the situation for the better during 1951. Communist incursions in Tonkin were curbed, the harvests accrued to the loyal forces instead of to the rebels, and the Viet-Minh forces have had to

abandon fighting in regular formations and have returned to guerrilla warfare, in spite of the fact that their bases on the Chinese side of the frontier are none more highly organised. French deficiencies in material have been largely overcome, and the eight Viet Nam divisions which Marshal de Lattre had under his command at the end of the year are proving a distinct success. National morale is improving, although it might quickly wilt again under a series of reverses. The Marshal's death might well prove the first of these. Whether the regenerating process which he started has sufficient impetus to continue without his dynamic leadership remains to be seen. The fight is by no means over, and Indo-China remains the most fruitful field for Communist activity in the whole of South-East Asia.

Another disturbing factor, to which a number of independent observers have now referred, is clandestine American aid to the group of Chinese Nationalist Forces which sought refuge at the end of the civil war in Burma. These continue to lead a guerrilla existence in the Kengtung area, in the extreme east of Burma, where the weak Rangoon Government has been unable to take any effective steps against them. This is a point where the frontiers of China, Burma, Indo-China and Thailand run together, and there is ample evidence, not only that one of the American intelligence agencies is giving this Chinese group, under the command of General Li Mi, its active support, but that E.C.A. funds are being used to finance supplies. At the moment the Communist Chinese in Yunnan appear to be taking defensive measures only, but should they make up their minds to remove this threat, they could then swing east into Indo-China across an almost undefended stretch of frontier, and the consequences might be disastrous.

INDIA AND PAKISTAN

The two countries of the Indian subcontinent have completed three years of existence in which they have defied all the Jeremiahs and emerged as solvent, viable and independent entities. India has just completed the tremendous experiment of holding general elections lasting four months and embracing 175 million adult voters, eighty per cent of whom are illiterate. Signs have been used to identify the parties campaigning for the four thousand seats in the State Legislative Assemblies and the 497 seats in the House of the People, the central Parliament in Delhi. A high standard of public behaviour was demanded of candidates, officials and voters alike, and this has been admirably maintained.

Economically, both countries can look back on 1951 with satisfaction. Pakistan has been able to take advantage of phenomenally high world jute prices, while India, in spite of grievous food shortages, showed a net favourable balance of 660 million rupees in her foreign exchange account. Trade between the two countries has picked up again, in spite of the varying rupee rates due to non-devaluation of the Pakistani currency. Kashmir remains the running sore of contention, and both countries are spending more than fifty per cent of their budget—in Pakistan it is nearer 65 per cent—for 'defence' purposes, while their armies glower at each other over the truce line. Until this conflict is resolved, there can be no truly normal development of resources in either country.

TRIESTE

The problem of Trieste is due to become actual again at any moment. With the arrival in Rome as Yugoslav Ambassador of M. Vladimir Velebit, one of Marshal Tito's most expert negotiators, further developments cannot be long delayed. The sorry seven years' dispute has been an international bone of contention, a major national issue in both Italy and Yugoslavia and has resulted in the more or less enforced residence there of some ten thousand British and American troops. Their occupation has been a sign not of military strength but of a grave weakness in the defensive cordon of the West. They would be better employed elsewhere, and their place taken by a firm understanding between Italy and Yugoslavia.

The only sensible solution is to make it into a free city under a United Nations Governor.

It is entirely unlikely, unless outside events crash through all deductions, that Japan after the Occupation will suddenly change

JAPAN AFTER THE OCCUPATION

EDMUND BLUNDEN

No country has been so frequently expected by foreign commentators, in modern times, to exhibit immense changes, external and internal, as Japan. Two quite startling occurrences have naturally led to volumes of observation and opinion on the matter. The first, just on a century ago, was the ending of Japan's long policy of isolation, which perhaps might have been attained by European powers but was of course the effect of American insistence. Commodore Perry's squadron in 1854 could not be gainsaid; and then, in the words of one of the best authorities on things Japanese, 'making a virtue of necessity, her rulers soon determined to Europeanise the country as the best means of preserving its independence.'

The second huge happening, fresh in everybody's memory, was when Japan accepted defeat in a war against America, Great Britain and other Western Powers, and submitted to that Occupation which in its turn is now coming to a close. One principle, indeed the main principle, of this elaborate and benevolent Occupation has been to diffuse a supposedly new understanding and practice of democracy among the Japanese. This ideal has been given form and direction in all the departments which at once come to mind, all that the official mind habitually takes into consideration—the form of government, the local council, the ownership of land, the public health service, education from primary schools to universities, admission of women into all the careers, and so on.

One obvious characteristic of the Occupation has been that a far larger number of foreigners than ever before has been found resident in Japan; of these it need hardly be noted that the majority are Americans, some of whom have been stationed in provincial places where hitherto hardly any persons from the West had lived or even paid a visit. These representatives have not been perfunctory or impersonal. Some of them, of philosophical abilities and wide reading, have not subscribed in their private minds to every point in the reorganisation of Japan, but believing in the spirit of the new constitution and of the extension of opportunity, they have worked night and day, in circumstances sometimes amusing but perplexing. The expression 'in the field' has been current among them and illustrates their missionary journeyings.

A MULTITUDE OF JUDGMENTS

It is therefore inevitable that a multitude of judgments connected with first-hand experience is now circulating on the question of change in Japan, on the depth and the tenacity of the democratic system so valiantly implanted in the Japanese populace, on what will happen next. If it may be said without seeming unkindness, many views will have been based on enthusiasm rather than full evidence. Reformers are apt to assume that they arrive on a scene where nothing like the gifts they bring were ever thought of before, and in such cases the estimate of their own success must be unreliable. It is unsafe, for example, to address a Japanese audience on the French impressionists in the belief that this will mean the revelation of a new artistic experience to one's listeners. The lecturer will ninety-nine times out of a hundred be rewarded with great applause, but only a few of those present will not have had some acquaintance with his topics beforehand, and some will be already artists in the impressionist school or essayists on its history and achievements.

The collapse of Japan after the impossible attempts to overcome China and

then the Allies went far to obscure much that had been formerly clear enough in the picture of the country's twentieth-century civilisation. And not this only. A decade of general severance from the West, to which, no matter what reservations are made, all educated Japanese look for intellectual variety and impulse, has only now ended; it is usual enough to hear a Japanese say that though the nation has undergone a serious want of nourishment in the physical sense, the malnutrition of mind and soul has been even more depressing. On this account the friendly reformer from abroad is again in some danger of misconstruing the welcome which he or she gets and the amount of new light which he or she dispenses. Revival rather than new light is the truth of the movement; it was not a barren territory into which he came but one which had been abundantly filled once, and under stress (and Shakespeare found words for it) had gone desolate and ragged.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

Of the whole range of American plans for a metamorphosis of Japan, the most complete has been applied to education. Every child is to have more of it, in mere time, and to receive a stronger chance of proceeding through its highest stage. Those who knew Japan twenty or thirty years ago will recall that already the quantity of education appeared considerable, especially as the student's uniform made so much of the street scene at certain hours. But in an age when the hope of a wisely-ordered human race set free by intelligent sympathies from old miseries is so generally expressed in increased 'educational facilities', the American experiment in academic Japan is well in the normal course.

Seen in its particular bearings, this new syllabus must be allowed plenty of time if it is to yield genuine changes in Japan. At present it brings out what may or may not be temporary discords. While accommodation and equipment have been in any case wretchedly insufficient, an added demand has puzzled the committees concerned; and the ostensible developments of schools into universities, and similar re-titlings, have proved that there are not teachers enough for anything like the operation. Let us suppose that these troubles can be remedied; there is a deeper question. Do the Japanese like the scheme well enough to fight for its survival?

Some already go so far as to be oppressed by the thought that it will have to be discarded, and that the process will be laborious. Behind such meditations, if I may conjecture, the traditional Japanese outlook on education remains. In Japan the university is not quite to be considered as the top class of a vast elementary school. The young, of course, must learn their subjects, and they have the means provided. A university is the habitation of professors, who certainly give lectures and conduct examinations, but their tendency is to be men of learning rather than schoolmasters. They teach most, as their quality and inheritance direct, by their example rather than through detailed instruction. Each of them is great in a subject which it is not the business of the student to distract him from; the student must get a sense of the method and the dignity, and find his own special interest. These professors are a sort of hermit, and their students are their disciples or guests. If respect for learning flourishes anywhere, it is (as it anciently was) in Japan.

A NATION OF PEDANTS

It is felt that the revised arrangements concerning education in Japan took no account of the university professors except as teachers and administrators, and that was a pity, since these men have far-spread influence. They are not a class that is dying out; the new generation produces the same aspirants to the life of pure scholarship. Here, probably, we touch upon a characteristic of the Japanese in general. They have been impatiently described as a nation of pedants, but they can more justly be called a nation of students. Many of them, whose occupations are unconnected with the learned world, devote themselves 'after hours' to some favourite piece of learning—it may be in one of the literatures, Japanese, Chinese, English, French, German, which you will. The student's age makes little difference. One

of my friends, at the age of eighty, is diligently exploring the sufficiently troublesome subject of English versification.

Again, recently meeting some Japanese journalists in London whose business was to deal with the news in the most practical way, I discovered that they had made time to visit several exhibitions of British art, which could not concern their cablegrams to Tokyo. This side of the Japanese character seems to be too little recognised among us, and yet it is a side on which the approach to many Japanese is alike simple and delightful. If this thought be continued, it means that often enough a problem unrelated to aesthetics and poetry, painting and music, will grow easier of solution; for no platitude is sounder than that in Japan the gracious approach is what matters most in getting things settled to the satisfaction of everybody. Above all, some awareness of Japanese fine arts is a talisman. A short story beginning with a lucky allusion to Korin and ending with a favourable decision on some trade regulation would not be wildly fanciful.

THE ART OF SITTING STILL

Life in Japan even for the strenuous and resourceful types does not offer so many ways of diversion as life in the West; even now, too, the art of sitting still is observable everywhere. Travel and pilgrimage are popular too, but these also combine with the sedentary genius; the arrival at the celebrated hotel and the ancestral marvel of landscape is followed by the dreamy occupation of the steaming bath and by the conversation or silence on the cushions on the floor. Sport has not yet created a passion of spectatorship such as fills the stands and benches here. Clubland is one of the institutions which the Japanese have not taken pains to imitate, though they admire what they have seen of it, and though they are fond of forming societies, especially literary and sentimental. These things being so, the academic part of a man's life is more conspicuous to his recollection than with us, and stands out as a shining episode. But then, our reflections return us to the history of modern Japan, for the establishment of Japanese universities was part of the great adventure of the Eastern nation in the second half of the nineteenth century. The urgency then was for every student to gather as much of the culture and science of the Western world as he possibly could in his brief terms. That duty, as it would be conceived, has never faded into mere convention, and lately it has been almost as plain to the best of the rising generation as to their determined predecessors.

THE VERY SIMPLE SOULS

When an annotator of the inexhaustible subject taken in these paragraphs has been heard, he is probably told that his notions are founded on some knowledge, useful or otherwise, of a mere minority; beyond the groups or classes reported on, there moves the mighty ocean of Japanese farmers, fishermen, artisans, factory hands and the rest. It is not idle criticism; something can be done to meet it. The great majority of the Japanese can at least be seen and heard by the passing traveller in their types, manners and customs. One thing about them is tolerably clear: they leave it to the minority to do its work while they get on with their own. It may be that their countenances do not belie their powers of mind; they look to be very simple souls. No Occupation and no indoctrination will transform them just yet into active citizens all claiming to take a share in their country's direction. The word 'peasant' means nothing in the English community now, but in Japan it signifies millions of men, women and children, who are not just what they would have been in feudal times, but who walk their narrow round without serious discontent.

It is pleasant to have a word or two with the Japanese field labourer and his family, for the same main rules of life are discernible among them as among those of other fortune. Their life might be called dull, but they do not call it so themselves; the skill by which they live is a pleasure to them, as a question about it quickly discovers. Whatever happens is noticed with a zest, and the appearance of a European child in a hamlet is an event. But this rural simplicity does not readily desert the Japanese of humble circumstances when

the background is industrial, or in the great towns. It is not a case of 'live, just live for today', but every day is carefully treated; and it has often occurred to me, especially in respect of the ordinary Japanese housewife, that the appropriate quotation would be Keats's line, 'Rich in the simple worship of a day'. Resignation? That quality may be present; but it does not predominate, and the beautiful flower or the child's delight is still the gift of the gods.

Much is written on the future of the Japanese woman as the democratic plan for Japan has suggested it. The change in scope is presented to the imagination, in particular through the inclusion of women in all the advantages of the new educational system. They may take the best degrees, and compete in all the careers. In former years Japanese women now and then became public personalities—Mrs. Hani, who founded a unique school, and is still in charge of it, is an example; but now there will be more. I cannot doubt this, and the prospect is excellent; but it would surprise me if in my time the Japanese women on the whole vary much from the reading of life which they have quietly maintained so long. Their power, and it is measureless, is from within the house. They hold life together, never caring to be acclaimed for it. What they may do for the future is hinted to me in a reminiscence. As a few of us noisy Occupiers were passing a gate near the house to which we were invited, a mother and her son (in her arms) were talking. A friend interpreted: 'That was rather nice. The little boy asked what we were, and she just said, "Only your Uncles from over there".'

UNANIMOUS DILIGENCE

The Occupation passes by, and the greatest honour is due to the dynasts who, scorning vengeance and counting display best when most seldom paraded, gave Japan a period of serenity. The Japanese, of every degree, have responded by a unanimous diligence, and their swift though still incomplete reconstruction is the best testimonial to their conquerors and benefactors. They are not a people who could endure to remain indefinitely as recipients of a charity. They include an impressive number of men and women who have inherited the eagerness for surveying the liberalism of the West exemplified in many earlier statesmen and ambassadors; and these thoughtful Japanese have used the period so free from chauvinism and militarism in preparation for the years in which Japan would once more take part in international affairs. In a sense, nothing has come forward which is unfamiliar to them; they had foreseen, without utterance, the outcome of Japan's violent imperialism; their hope was that, at last, the finer nature of their country might be permitted to serve the world. For some time the Japanese have been prepared to emerge from the shelter of the Occupation and to prove that they did not behave during its years with such order and calm for the sake of prompt material comforts but because they accepted the vision of a new era. It is entirely unlikely, unless outside events crash through all deductions, that Japan after the Occupation will suddenly change; but the sooner hundreds of its young men and women can come to Europe as well as America, the better it will be for the liberalism so promisingly reanimated since 1944.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS

To keep pace with the progress of the world economy, Japan must constantly strive to modernise her industries and raise technical standards. The Japanese economy developed on a fairly high industrial level, but owing to the ravages of war and the inadequacy of capital accumulation it is now far less up to date than that of other countries. For example, over half of the rolling machines in the iron and steel industry were installed before 1935. In the machine tool industry, more than about 30 per cent of the equipment is superannuated and falls short of precision grade. Conditions such as these lower production, raise costs, affect the quality of goods and seriously hamper the development of export trade. This is one of the most important industrial problems confronting Japan, and every effort is being made to tackle it.

RYUTARO TAKAHASHI, Minister of International Trade and Industry
(*Foreign Affairs*, January 1952)

Soldiers must now accept war criminality as an occupational risk

LAW AND THE SOLDIER

R. T. PAGET, K.C., M.P.

THE soldier is concerned with two forms of law: the law of his own nation and international law or the law of nations.

In all forms of government, save military autocracy, the soldier is subject to the laws of his own country. In many countries—England, America and pre-war Germany are examples—the soldier is subject to the same law as the ordinary citizen, and has an equal obligation to obey that law. In these countries military orders are not an excuse for breaking the law. The Captain or General has no more authority to cancel the supreme orders of the Sovereign than the Sergeant has to cancel the orders of the Captain or General. It matters not whether the Sovereign be a king, a dictator, a President or a Parliament, the orders of the Sovereign expressed in the laws are supreme. In certain other countries, such as France, soldiers are under a special law and must obey their military orders even if these conflict with the civil law, but this is only because the law of the land provides for this exception. In practice, the difference is not very important, since in almost every country the authority that administers the law and that possesses the power of clemency is the same authority as that which commands the Army. When, therefore, a soldier obeys military orders, he will not be prosecuted, or, if prosecuted, will be pardoned unless the order is so outrageous that the man must have known he was doing wrong. The conflict between civil and military duties only causes inconvenience when there is conflict between civil and military authority.

The trouble with international law is that it is not subject to the same authority as the soldier, or indeed to any authority. International law is something that has grown. It is based upon the customs of nations in their mutual dealings. The laws of war originated in the concept of chivalry in the Middle Ages. This was a somewhat narrow class concept, confined to the feudal aristocracy and based upon mutual respect for each other, felt by the feudal aristocracy of Europe and founded upon membership of a common knightly order. It was confined to the aristocratic class. After the battle of Poitiers in the fourteenth century, the victorious Black Prince of England knelt before the captive King of France and served him at dinner, whilst the common soldiers of France were slaughtered without mercy outside. Gradually the idea of chivalry extended to include all fighting men, and finally, largely as a result of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, was extended to the civilian population. The laws of war were not then expressed in any treaties or pacts, but had become an ethical concept acknowledged by the soldiers of all civilised countries, and as such they were strikingly successful in mitigating the horrors of war. The wars of Louis XIV, of Marlborough, of Prince Eugene and of Frederick the Great were conducted with extraordinarily little injury to the civilian population.

The Napoleonic concept of a nation in arms, and the new ideology of nationalism that was born with the French Revolution, increased the severity of war, and French troops did on occasion behave with great brutality to civilian populations. But even in those days the laws of war confining hostilities to armies operated to a surprisingly large extent, and the injury inflicted upon Europe during the Napoleonic wars was far less than that suffered during the wars of religion that preceded them or during the wars of ideology that we have experienced.

THE HAGUE CONVENTION

During the nineteenth century various attempts were made to codify the laws of war. These attempts culminated in the

Conference in 1865 convened at Brussels by the Czar of Russia and at various other Conferences, and finally all the work was completed at the Hague Conference of 1907. The preamble of the Convention was:

> '*considering that while seeking means to preserve peace and prevent armed conflicts between nations, it is likewise necessary to bear in mind the case where an appeal to arms may be brought about by events beyond their responsibility to control; being animated also by the desire to serve, even in this extreme case, the interests of humanity and the ever progressive needs of civilisation and thinking it important that with this object to revise the general laws and customs of war, with a view on the one hand to defining them with greater precision and on the other hand to confining within limits intended to mitigate their severity as far as possible . . .*'

and it then goes on to state that the object of the Convention was to limit the severities of war as far as military requirements would permit; that the rules were intended as a general guide of conduct for belligerents in their relations with each other and with the inhabitants of the country; that it had not been possible to concert stipulations covering all the circumstances that arise in practice, but that where agreement had not been possible, Commanders should be guided by the general custom of war and considerations of military honour, and that each high contracting party should issue orders to its troops in conformity with the Convention.

The Convention defined the individuals entitled to belligerent rights as soldiers under command and conducting warfare openly and in accordance with the laws and customs of war, such soldiers to include levies provided they wore some distinctive armlet; soldiers if captured were to have the rights of prisoners-of-war and these rights were defined in considerable detail, but broadly speaking, the right of a prisoner-of-war is to be treated as the captor treats his own troops, subject only to the provision that the prisoner shall not be required to fight or to undertake work directly connected with military operations; the Red Cross conventions with regard to the wounded were incorporated: poison weapons, poison gas and expanding or explosive bullets were forbidden. The destruction or requisitioning of civilian property, unless imperatively demanded by the necessities of war, was forbidden, as was the conscription of civilians to take part in hostilities against their own country. Bombardments of undefended cities were forbidden, and provision was made for armistice and flag of truce. Quarter was never to be refused, and attempts were not to be made on the lives of particular enemy personalities. Pillaging was expressly forbidden, and a military occupier was required to recognise the civil laws and civil rights of individuals in occupied territory and to interfere with the civilian way of life only in so far as was absolutely necessary for the conduct of military operations.

LIMITS OF APPLICATION

The code was not comprehensive and it did not deal with the vexed question of hostages and reprisals. The basis of the code was that war should be confined to armies and that the civilian population should not take part and should not be molested. On the other hand, it was recognised that a Commander must take measures necessary for the protection of his troops and that, if civilians did molest the occupying forces, then some form of action must be taken against them. The Hague Convention could not define what this action should be, but there was general agreement that it must be confined to that which was really necessary for the protection of the troops and must not include any form of revenge. The use which the captor was entitled to make of civilian and prisoner-of-war labour was not defined. The code did not deal with air warfare, which in 1907 had not been invented, or with economic warfare, the importance of which was not then recognised. Most important of all, it applied only as between nations which had accepted its provisions and abided by them, and to wars in which *all* the belligerents were parties to it.

The Hague Convention was the work of experienced statesmen and soldiers who looked at war with their eyes open. It was confined to what they thought was practicable, and they recognised that in war no law can restrain a nation from doing those

things it regarded as necessary to survival or to victory, and that prohibitions must be confined to those actions which belligerents would not regard as essential.

Its effectiveness may be judged by contrasting the suffering imposed by the German war in the West, where the Convention was applied, to that imposed by war in the East, where it was not.

THE WAR CRIMES TRIBUNALS

Since the war an attempt has been made to extend these rules of war, not by agreement of nations but by Tribunals set up by the Allies to exercise an *ex post facto* criminal jurisdiction.

Several of these war tribunals have tried to define the law with regard to hostages and reprisals, which is something that the nations in Conference had expressly refused to do. This attempt at definition has not been very successful, since every Court that has attempted it has come to a different conclusion. American courts have differed amongst themselves and with the original International Military Tribunal of Nuremberg, and no two allies have come to the same conclusion. Equally, there have been inconsistent attempts to define the purpose for which an invader is entitled to conscript civilian labour or to employ prisoners-of-war.

These courts have further sought to extend the obligations of the Hague conventions to wars in which only one of the participants was a party to the Convention and, more important, have imposed upon soldiers a personal responsibility for breach of the Convention. This has involved a certain inconsistency, for, on the one hand, an officer has not been excused even though the act was commanded by his government, whilst, on the other hand, he has been held vicariously responsible, upon theory of executive power, for everything that happened within the area of his command, even though it was not a consequence of his orders and took place without his knowledge. Thus General Yamashita was held responsible for atrocities committed in Manila, after Manila had been invested and he had been cut off from all contact with the town, and Marshal Manstein was held responsible for actions of the *S.D.*, who had been expressly removed from his command and of whose activities *the Court* found that he had no knowledge.

The Hague Convention was simply an agreement between states, and as such, it imposed no obligation upon any individual. It expressly provided that the governments concerned should issue orders to their troops in conformity with the Convention. The obligation of the soldier was to obey those orders which he received from his own Government. The laws and customs of war are equally agreements between states. It is in this respect that international law differs from domestic law. Domestic law is based upon the obligation of every individual as a subject of a Sovereign and his obedience to the law is an incident of his subjection. Nations are subject to no one, for they are sovereign, and international law is simply an agreement between sovereigns. Lord Maugham, who has been head of the British Judiciary, says:

> '*International law means no more than the rules which independent civilised states have agreed to be binding upon them in their mutual relations. The treaty law of nations has been much considered by international lawyers and by far-seeing statesmen. There is no general sanction for the obligations of the treaty, so no court has jurisdiction (except by express agreement) to declare a default and to enforce payment: nor are treaties drafted and carried through in the same way as private contracts, and their terms are in most cases deliberately expressed in the vaguest possible language.*'

International law must be based upon a mutual recognition of Sovereignty, and sovereignty involves the right of the Sovereign to command his subjects. Prior to 1945 this had been universally recognised.

In 1837, during the rebellion against the British administration in Canada, we attacked an American steamer *Carolina*, believing that her passengers were rebels. There was no foundation for this belief. The ship was set on fire and went over the Niagara Falls. An American was killed. In 1840, McLeod, a British subject, was arrested in New York and charged with having taken part in the incident. Our

Ambassador demanded his immediate release, stating that the destruction of the *Carolina* was a public act by persons who were in the service of Her Majesty. The American Secretary of State, Webster, admitted the argument and stated:

> '*It is a principle of public law, sanctioned by the usages of civilised nations and which principle the American Government is not inclined to dispute that an individual being a member of a recognised belligerent party who acts on the authority of his Government cannot be made responsible for any violations of the law.*'

This is but one example out of hundreds that have come before the Courts. The recognition of 'act of state' as a defence for an individual is fundamental to the very existence of international law.

BACK TO THE TRIBAL SYSTEM

It is futile to attempt to create a supra-national law binding upon individuals. You have first to create a supra-national authority with power to enforce that law, and nations must cease to be sovereign. No sovereign nation will in practice accept a limitation upon its right to command its army in war.

The basis of the Hague Convention was that war should be confined to armies. This proposition was unacceptable to the Communist government of Russia, who believed that every citizen's duty was to wage war upon an invader. Because the concept of the Hague Convention did not fit in with this Communist idea, the Communist Government declined to accept the Convention as to land warfare, as being part of international law binding upon her.[1] The rules of the Hague Convention as to occupation of territory depend upon civilian government being carried by the local civilian authorities in the occupied area. If this does not happen—and of course it did not happen in Russia—the basis of a 'Hague occupation has ceased to exist and no Commander, in practice, could comply with the Convention *and* protect his troops.

Finally, one must recognise that in every campaign in every war some atrocities will be committed by both sides, and if commanding generals are to be held responsible for every atrocity in their area, whether it be by their command or not, then every commanding general will be a war criminal. This, I am afraid, is the position which we have reached. Soldiers must now accept war criminality as an occupational risk. In the words of Marshal Montgomery:

> '*The Nuremberg trials have made the waging of unsuccessful war a crime, for which the Generals of the defeated side would be tried and then hanged.*'

I believe that the tribunals, by pushing the laws of war beyond the limitations (recognised by the soldiers and statesmen at the Hague) which the very nature of war imposes upon the possibilities of law, have, in fact, made the whole of the laws of war unworkable. This, I think, is the general view of soldiers, and I know of no one who believes that the Hague Convention, either in its original or in its extended form, is in the least likely to be observed in any future war. Laws of war must always be based ultimately upon mutual confidence and respect, and that confidence and that respect have been destroyed.

This state of affairs certainly is not progress. It is a reaction, and takes us back to the tribal system where the lives of the defeated were forfeited. It will certainly add enormously to the severity of war. When men know that they will be treated as criminals, they tend to behave as criminals. We need a new Conference which will seek to re-define the laws of war by agreement and in the words of the Hague Convention: '*while seeking a means to preserve peace be animated by the desire to serve the interests of humanity even in the extreme case of war.*'

The purpose of these rules should be to limit war and the destructiveness of war to the greatest extent that is consistent with the pursuit of the objectives of war; for only rules that are confined by this limitation will be honoured in practice.

Such rules would best be negotiated through the United Nations Organisation, whose rôle in the event of war should be that of a conciliation board in permanent session. The United Nations should not again become involved in war as a

[1] The Soviet Government was not recognised by other nations until 1923. She then entered the family of nations upon terms that she would consider Czarist treaties and notify the nations as to which of these treaties she would accept as binding upon her. With regard to the Hague Conventions, she notified her acceptance of those governing sea warfare, and by implication rejected those governing land warfare

combatant. The idea that U.N.O. or any international organisation, short of world government exercising full governmental powers, can maintain adequate forces to impose peace upon armed nations is quite illusory. Armed intervention by U.N.O. is, and can always be, no more than armed intervention by some of its members. It would be far better if such intervention took place upon the direct responsibility of the intervening nations, leaving U.N.O. to act as conciliator. In Korea the United States of America and Great Britain were perfectly entitled to intervene as the friends of South Korea, who was a victim of aggression, and this is what would have happened in fact, had not the Russians and Chinese happened by chance to be absent from the Security Council. U.N.O. would then have been available to negotiate an armstice, and this particular war would have been concluded long ago.

I suggest Laws of War:

1. The publication of the demands made by each belligerent upon the other

The objectives of war tend to vary with the fortunes upon the battle-field, and the enlargement of objectives that comes with success is amongst the principal causes of the prolongation of war. Belligerents are sensitive, both to world opinion and to their own public opinion, and if nations were required to file with the United Nations a statement of their demands upon their enemy before being entitled to exercise belligerent rights with regard to neutrals, or to enjoy the privileges of a belligerent under international law, then generally they would make their demands as reasonable and moderate as possible. Once committed to a set of demands, it would be far more difficult for a nation to step up its demands without antagonising public and world opinion. The United Nations should be authorised to require any clarification necessary to make the war objectives of the belligerents specific and unambiguous.

2. The right to Armistice

Any belligerent informing the United Nations of its willingness to comply with the filed demands of its adversary should be entitled to armistice. It would be the duty of U.N.O. to have an Armistice Commission in readiness for this event, and this Commission should supervise the carrying out of the terms of the armistice. The armistice would, of course, have to include many terms additional to the acceptance of the enemy's war demands. Such terms would for instance include a ban on troop movements of a nature likely to enable the nation asking for armistice to improve its military position. Terms of this sort could be of a general application to all armistices and could be worked out and included in the Convention.

3. Peace Conference to be convened by U.N.O.

After an armistice had been concluded, it would be the duty of U.N.O. to convene a Peace Conference. At this Peace Conference belligerents would be entitled to advance additional claims arising during the war. I believe it would be desirable to have machinery whereby such additional claims could be submitted and reported upon by an impartial tribunal. The reports of this tribunal could, I think, have only persuasive force, but none the less I feel that they would be highly effective for moderating unreasonable demands. The very presence of a neutral body of world prestige as the convening authority at a Peace Conference would of itself have the greatest value as a moderating influence.

4. Criminal liability of individual commanders and combatants to be defined

This will involve the formulation of a code of precise prohibitions, the infringement of which by individuals would constitute a crime.

The laws of war at present consist of vague formulae designed to achieve a general agreement that covers disagreement in detail. In their present form, they are impossible as a foundation for a just criminal law. Even when courts were confined to judges appointed by the conquerors, no two courts succeeded in agreeing on their meaning. This does not mean, however, that the vague expressions habitually to be found in international agreements have no purpose. They are, in fact, the material from which international law

grows, and they become defined gradually by experience.

What we require is two lists. In the first can be included certain things that can be precisely defined and specifically forbidden. Contravention of these prohibitions would be a crime in the individual. Secondly, there could be a list of general directions, incapable of precise definition, the infringement of which might be the foundation for a claim to indemnity at the Peace Conference, but which will not involve personal criminality.

With regard to the criminal prohibitions, I believe that superior orders would have to be accepted as a defence. In practice, soldiers must obey their orders in wartime. The criminal should be he who gives the order. The alternative involves mass criminality, and this in turn leads to indiscriminate vengeance. The victor, who cannot punish all, punishes whom he chooses. In the 1914–18 war, for instance, every combatant was involved in gas warfare and could have been treated by the conquerors as criminals, had an international criminal law then been invented.

5. Independent Tribunals

The Charter of Human Rights, agreed by the General Assembly of the United Nations on 10 December, 1948, provides:

> '*Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.*
>
> 1. *Everyone charged with a criminal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty, according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.*
>
> 2. *No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence at the time it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.*'

No criminal law can enjoy any respect unless it is administered by an impartial court. An independent tribunal must be neutral. Judges should be appointed by U.N.O. to try war crimes, and before this court both belligerents should be entitled to prefer indictments. The court should have power to summon witnesses and to require the production of documents, but there would have to be certain limitations upon this power, since no Sovereign government, in practice, would allow unlimited disclosure of its archives.

6. Laws of military occupation

The laws of military occupation should be reconsidered in the light of modern experience, and should, I think, provide for two forms of occupation (a) where the *de jure* government instructs its citizens in the zone of enemy occupation to comply with the orders of the occupying forces and to offer no resistance and (b) where the *de jure* government orders and supports a resistance movement or guerrilla warfare.

In the first case, the general provisions of the Hague Convention as to military occupation can still apply, and U.N.O. could appoint a supervisory commission to watch over and report on the treatment and behaviour of the civilian population. In the second case, the military commander must have freedom to take the action which he deems necessary to protect his troops, and I am afraid, judging from all experience, this must necessarily involve hostages and reprisal. Where the first state of affairs prevailed, the occupying forces would have a strong inducement to behave well for fear of the military inconvenience that results from any form of resistance.

7. Air Warfare and bombardment

It should be possible to limit the objectives of aerial warfare and to have certain areas of sanctuary supervised by the United Nations, in which belligerents were restrained from carrying out certain specified economic activity directly connected with war. Any limitation that could be agreed upon would be a limitation of suffering.

* * *

It seems to me to be defeatist to take the view that war today must be total war. Treaties forbidding wars have failed. Efforts to limit the suffering of war have succeeded in the past and have not made war one whit more likely.

Being an inquiry into the philosophy of non-attachment and its relation to the politics of Mr. Gandhi and his Congress followers

'NON-ATTACHMENT' AND THE UNSUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION OF 1942

ANTHONY STRACHEY

AN unsuccessful revolution must always be a subject of interest to those who care to think about the problems of political science. When it is a revolution by a highly centralised and educated political party, claiming to be the mouthpiece of a sub-continent containing 400,000,000 human beings, against a Government dominated by another race, that race numerically infinitesimal, and at the time of the attempt in no small disrepute owing to military reverses in practically every part of the globe, its failure becomes even more remarkable and unusual.

THE SPONTANEOUS OUTBURST

Of course, it can be dismissed by pointing out the terrific advantage which modern methods of communication and modern weapons give to any well-organised administration over a spontaneous outburst of indignation by the unorganised masses; but when we consider how general was the feeling of defeatism throughout that sub-continent at the time of the attempt, the opportunities of fifth-column activities which the conquest of Burma gave to the Japanese, the long tradition and practice in underground revolutionary organisation of such pro-Japanese bodies as the Forward Block movement, the inexperience of Eastern climate and conditions and language among so many of the temporary European officers and men in the British and Indian Army, it may reasonably be deduced that the cause of the revolution's failure was not so much the sheer preponderance of weapons in the control of that administration, as some fatal weakness in the organisation and outlook of the revolutionary body—i.e. the Congress and its supporters, 'spontaneous' or otherwise.

A secondary, but none the less extremely important, problem is raised by the pre- and post-revolutionary activities, political and semi-political, of Mr. Gandhi, and his relation to what he was later prepared to call 'the spontaneous outburst of the Hindu masses'. Whether we at this stage should be prepared to accept as final that he was, as the administration maintained, the *fons et origo* of the violent part of that revolution, from the evidence so far produced by the administration, is a matter of opinion. But we can be certain that Mr. Gandhi and his followers were in the process of organising a form of nation-wide protest against the Government, with a view to forcing it to concede political power, of a more or less absolute nature, throughout the whole Indian sub-continent. In the words of Mr. Gandhi himself, speaking to the All-India Congress Committee meeting on 8 August 1942: 'This is the last struggle of my life. Delay is injurious, and waiting any further would be a humiliation for us all.' A month before, he had written in the *Harijan*: 'But I would not hesitate to go to the extremist limit, if I find that no impression is produced over the British Government or the Allied Powers . . . (It will be) my biggest movement . . . (with the arrest of the leaders) it should gain strength if it has any vitality.' It is surely reasonable to consider then, that the failure of 'this last struggle', whatever the unexpected form it took, was for Mr. Gandhi the failure of a lifetime devoted to novel methods of obtaining Swaraj for his country. Again, he wrote in the *Harijan* of June 1942: 'I waited and waited until the country should develop the non-violent strength to throw off the foreign yoke . . . I feel I cannot afford to wait. If I continue to wait, I will have to wait till Doomsday.,

One can only imagine that Doomsday at one moment loomed large before him as he sat incarcerated in the Aga Khan's palace, while Anglo-Indian forces prepared to drive the Japanese invaders out of Burma; while the Red Army was dying in its hundreds of thousands at Stalingrad, and the peoples of almost every nation of the world, including his own, were hurling back the invaders in North Africa.

FAITH AND IRRESPONSIBILITY

And yet, while the edifice of his life struggle crumbled before his eyes, crumbled in a way that Mr. Chamberlain's edifice of appeasement never did, we saw no pathetic old figure, broken in its failure, lacking in self-confidence, but, as ever, the astute metaphysical politician embarking on a correspondence with the very man responsible for the crushing of his movement. We saw him calling his arch enemy to repentance and recantation, and at the same time threatening him with a three-faced threat to 'The Highest Tribunal', Hindu sentimentalism, and uninformed world opinion, by the device of a fast, if necessary unto death. We saw him calling forth admiration from his opponents, if not for his politics, for his mental resilience, physical toughness and masterly letter drafting. What gave him, in spite of so many failures, such implicit faith in his own righteousness, and such Himalayan irresponsibility?

NON-ATTACHMENT

The key of both the unsuccessful revolution—if it was a revolution—and the Gandhian outlook, may be found in the doctrine of 'non-attachment', as applied to Indian politics by the Gandhian interpretation of Hinduism. There are many other more particular and indigenous Indian words for 'non-attachment'; the expression is used here because it has been so brilliantly analysed by Aldous Huxley, in his *Ends and Means*, to define the essential thought-content of his semi-oriental philosophy; not that there is anything new or exclusively oriental about it. It starts as a personal doctrine and is contained in many religions, including Christianity. No doubt the Greeks had many words for it. And any religion which stresses the unimportance of things material when concerned with things eternal, gives the doctrine its tacit approval—for instance, 'What shall it profit a man . . .' But the implications of the doctrine have been continuously explored and examined by Hindu thinkers, with as great a thoroughness as any other school of religion in the world. The very fact that the devotees of this religion have for so many centuries been living under the rule of one alien religion or another, and administrations which have been usually antagonistic—and at the most merely tolerant—to their religious aspirations, may have caused them, as with the Jews, to concentrate on things religious as an alternative outlet for the natural genius which found itself unable to find satisfactory expression in the material and administrative world.

THE MESSAGE OF THE GITA

'Non-attachment' can be deduced no doubt by Hindu Pundits from the Vedic scriptures, but far more important politically is the fact that M. Gandhi found it to be the central theme of the Gita, which he himself on innumerable occasions said was the mainspring of his philosophy. In an article called 'The Message of the Gita', he wrote: 'The object of the Gita appears to me to be that of showing the most excellent way of self-realisation . . . it has been brought out in the clearest possible language in the Gita, even at the risk of repetition, that the matchless remedy is renunciation of the fruits of action . . . But renunciation is the central sun around which devotion, knowledge, and the rest, revolve like planets. The body has been likened to a prison. There must be action where there is body. Not one embodied being is exempt from labour. And yet all religions proclaim that it is possible for man, by treating the body as a temple of God, to attain freedom. Every action is tainted, be it ever so trivial. How can the body be made the temple of God? In other words, how can one be free from action—i.e. the taint of sin? The Gita has answered the question in decisive language; by desireless action; by renouncing the fruits

of action; by dedicating all activities to God—i.e. by surrendering oneself to Him, body and soul.

THE MATCHLESS REMEDY

'This, then, is "the matchless remedy", the elixir for coping with all situations. Know what you want; work hard for it; but do not desire the fruits of your success; success or failure are immaterial in this life; neither must upset you. So long as the body is kept clean as a worthy "temple of God" in all that you do, it matters not whether you succeed or fail or are the cause of success or failure of others, no matter how many they may be. That is the concern of the Almighty. What DOES matter is a compromise with evil, in order to secure your ends. For then your actions become not "desireless" but *desirous* and the central theme of Hindu thought has been disobeyed—i.e. renunciation.'

Such a religion, closely applied as it has been by Mr. Gandhi to political and party programmes, must surely mean that, to the exclusion of all else, 'action' must be based on 'revelation' rather than dabbling in the almost diabolical 'practical politics' —i.e. compromise with evil; must result, as it inevitably did, in the attitude which says: 'This is right and ought to be; such and such things are unjust. We cannot compromise with evil without becoming desirous in our actions. Therefore, no compromise with our enemies. Better chaos, better—if it must be—bloodshed, however much we loathe the thought and on however great a scale.' Or, in the words of Mr. Gandhi himself in 1942: 'There is anarchy around and about us', i.e. the Government. 'No price is too heavy to pay for deliverance.' 'Leave India to God. If that is too much leave her to anarchy', i.e. God's cleansing anarchy. 'For me there is but to Do or Die.'

THE MANIFESTO

It was not the lack of intelligence or the lack of sufficient information about the progress of the world war and its implications, or inexperience as to the dangers of revolutionary methods to the democracies in time of war, which led the All India Congress Committee to pass their manifesto of defiance in August under the leadership of Mr. Gandhi. However many doubters there may have been in the ranks, there was no doubt in the aged mind of their leader. People might say: 'But Gandhiji, is this practical?', and as did the Maulana Azad Shah: 'I doubt its (the rebellion's) effectiveness.'[1]

But they were swept off their feet by the metaphysical dialectics of the Mahatma, who could answer with complete conviction: 'Reliance upon the sword is wholly inconsistent with reliance in God.' 'With men nothing may be possible, for God nothing is impossible.' 'Of all my Tamil lessons one proverb abides with me as evergreen. Its literal meaning is: "God is the only Help of the Helpless"' . . . 'The grand theory of Satygraha is built upon a belief in that truth. Hindu religious literature is full of illustrations to prove the truth' . . . 'Those who put their implicit faith in Him cannot but reach their aims.' . . . 'God requires the purest sacrifice'; while in the same breath the Government he is about to attack he defines as: 'The poison that corrupts all it touches, that is the obstacle that stops all progress'—i.e. the evil that must be vanquished at all costs, however great the sacrifice.

THE REVOLUTION

And so in his mind's eye Mr. Gandhi was prepared, in August 1942, to struggle in the darkling plane against the abominable white devils who were despoiling the Vedantic purity of his Hindustan, who preferred the diabolical roar of the factory and the aeroplane to the soothing mediaeval hum of the spinning-wheel, and who before his very eyes were reeling under the well-deserved blows of their enemies in the Far East—a bank that was almost bankrupt. It was a colourful picture but it had about as much reality in it as Indian historical mythology. The world paused to gasp for a few seconds in the midst of its second convulsive war, and knew not whether to laugh or cry, then shook its head in bewilderment.

Meanwhile, the Mahatma was being bustled, kindly but firmly, into a railway carriage in Bombay. He was on his way

[1] Record of the Allahabad meeting of the Congress Working Committee. See Appx. 1 ('Responsibility for the Disturbances 42/43') Govt. of India publication. [Published 13 February 1943]

to the Aga Khan's palace, where amid penitential luxury he was once more free to write, ponder introspectively, and draft letters calling on the Viceroy, the Marquis of Linlithgow, to convince him of his errors or recant from his 'leonine violence'; violence in putting down a 'spontaneous outburst' which would have brought Japan to the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, and probably have altered the whole balance of long-term strategy in the Second World War. As for his doing or dying, he did neither, and was merely the centre of a 'spontaneous outburst' which, whatever its real origin, gave the impression of being a rather small-scale guerrilla revolution aimed at the terrorisation of petty officials and the dislocation of strategic communications; and which failed to capture the mind of the Indian masses.

GANDHI'S PASSIONS

In fact, it was largely a subjective affair, except for the fifth-column pro-Jap element, to which Mr. Gandhi had long been opposed. In truth, inasmuch as Lenin was a realist, Gandhi lacked realism. His faith lay still in the unseen forces, in the guardian angels of Vedantic Hindustan. But, like many other intensely religious men, he tried to pressgang the angels to fight under his political banners. Or, as Aldous Huxley has said: 'The frequency with which men have identified the promptings of their own passions with the voice of an all-too-personal God is really appalling.'

If we read that truly remarkable book, the autobiography of M. K. Gandhi (*The Story of My Experiments with Truth*), it is perhaps possible to come to the conclusion, without unfairness, that the following were the basic 'passions' of its author: intense love of India; intense love and respect for Hinduism; intense dislike of those whom he believed tended to emasculate either his countrymen or his religion. It may be that it was these early-developed passions, coupled with his experience as a lawyer in South Africa of the insolence of, and the exploitation of the natives by, the white races, that made him in 1942 an unwitting tool of the imperialistic aspirations of Japan.

If we in the West believe that the Sun but sets here to rise again, there are many profound lessons to be learned from the Congress revolution—lessons, perhaps, which we shall not be given time enough to learn again. The first is that compromise, one of the main characteristics of British political life, is almost entirely alien to the Hindu conception of political science.

And what conclusions should these thoughts lead us to? Perhaps that Mr. Gandhi and his confederates—however sincere they may have been—had tended to ignore one of the great lessons of history. It is a lesson splashed in blood and sorrow across the pages of the tragic story of this world. It is that spiritual authority and temporal power, when combined in one person or body or organisation, generally lead to suffering and ultimate disaster for those who attempt to wield it. Is not this the central theme of mediaeval European history, the struggle of Church and State? Is it not the great problem which was in part solved by the Reformation?

THE RÔLE OF PANDIT NEHRU

Where did Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru stand at this time of crisis? From the available published evidence it seems fair to say that there was within him at this time a great conflict of loyalties. His writings show that intellectually he had largely accepted the Marxist interpretation of history. For instance, his book *The Unity of India, Collected writings 1937–1940*, is well worth careful study in the light of subsequent events, though it would appear that the selection was published primarily to influence liberal opinion in Britain and America. Indeed, Mr. Gandhi often recognised that Nehru had a better understanding of international affairs than he had himself and wrote to the Viceroy on 14 August 1942: 'I have taken Jawahar Lal Nehru as my measuring rod. His personal contacts make him feel much more the misery of the impending ruin of China and Russia than I can.'

In 1942 Pandit Nehru had an international outlook which few of his Indian political associates were capable of grasping. He was a Western Socialist intellectual with liberal emotions. His writings and actions at this crisis in his career display him on the stage of history as a Left-Wing aristocrat, basically unselfish for political aggrandisement, but with certain well-concealed passions. As with many Western aristocrats he was fascinated by the game of politics, but had grave misgivings about the wisdom of his political leader in this particular context. To him non-violence was a civilised and practical method of obtaining Home Rule from the British whom he recognised as being part of the liberal tradition in political philosophy. To the philosophy of non-violence as a basis for foreign policy of a Nation state he does not appear to have given his public or private support.

A historical analogies occurs in the relationship of Mr. Gandhi and Pandit Nehru as leader and second in command of a political party attempting to capture the machinery of Government, at a moment of crisis in the history of their party.

In 1935 the British Labour Party held their Annual Conference at Brighton. The Leader of the party was George Lansbury, a sincere and life-long Pacifist whose appreciation of the problems of Foreign Affairs can best be judged by reading his book, *My Quest for Peace*,[1] in which, for instance, he was prepared to go on record as saying, 'I think history will record Herr Hitler as one of the great men of our time. He appeared to me to be a man free of personal ambition, not ashamed of his humble start in life, simple in his mode of living—in which he is in line with the Soviet Communists and other truly Socialist leaders.'

At that time Lansbury's most influential supporter was Sir Stafford Cripps, who had resigned from the Party executive the previous week in protest against the proposal to support sanctions against Italy. When Lansbury rose to speak, we are told by Trevor Evans in his biography of Ernest Bevin (page 160), 'the great audience rose and sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". There was no doubt about his popularity. The old man with his kindly face and his blameless personal Christian life, inspired deep affection.' He spoke passionately as a Pacifist against sanctions on Italy.

Then Ernest Bevin climbed to the rostrum. To quote Evans again: 'His voice was harsh as he said, "I hope the conference will not be influenced by sentiment or personal attachment." And then with the suddenness and the sting of a whip-lash, Bevin roared his contempt for those who "hawked their consciences around on their sleeves" . . . Bevin turned on Sir Stafford Cripps, who, he added, "has stabbed us in the back by resigning and not going through with collective decision".' So completely had Ernest Bevin's political courage swung the conference round with his following speech, writes Evans, that 'when Lansbury rose to make a personal statement he could get no hearing.'

Perhaps Pandit Nehru was too much of a gentleman to use such ruthless political tactics against the equally beloved and saintly leader that he opposed in terms of practical politics on this issue. Perhaps if the Indian Congress Party had had a similar democratic method of policy making to the British Labour Party, he would have had his chance. But the political control of the Congress Party by the Mahatma in 1942 gave him no such chance to oppose the tenaciously held views of his leader by public debate and vote.

There is more than sufficient evidence in the Government of India publication on the Congress Disturbances to show that Nehru struggled fiercly in Committee and especially at the Allahabad conference of the Congress Working Committee which debated Gandhi's Wardha draft resolution, but he was out-numbered, and when the storm broke, no division was visible to the outside world. Typical of his speeches at this time were his words to a mass meeting of peasants on 27 July when he warned them that the Congress might perish in the terrible ordeal ahead, but that a free India would emerge out of its ashes. 'India,' he said, 'is now determined to take a dip in this world-wide storm. In a few weeks we will have a mass movement. This will be our final struggle and we must be prepared to face the worst.'

[1] *My Quest for Peace* by G. Lansbury, 1938, p. 141

SOUTHERN RHODESIA
A Society on Stilts

JOHN DOVERY

THE Europeans in Southern Rhodesia are like a family with pretensions come to live in a doubtful neighbourhood. The place would be unimpaired, if it were not for the people who lived here before. But one is shy of acknowledging it.

Coming like this, from where our roots are, we are conditioned by the difference between Europe and Rhodesia as it was before we came. On one side we keep our eyes turned back to our origin. On the other, we keep them slightly averted from our new neighbours' faces, and we feel embarrassed at being caught knocking at their front doors like good neighbours.

But we have come to stay—because Rhodesia has possibilities, and we can make something out of it. It is a matter of confidence in ourselves, and persuading our old friends to come and buy a stake in the country; a matter of energy and activity and good organisation. We will then bring the former inhabitants into line. It is a matter of standing firm.

It is understandable and right that White Rhodesia should show its attachment to Europe, and particularly to Britain, in all the spheres of its life. For Britain is lately our home, and it has sent to all of its offspring countries qualities of tolerance and freedom, which are the hinges of the good society. But in Southern Rhodesia we are in danger of retaining too little and too much of Britain —too little of patience and understanding, and too much of the outward fashion of Northern people.

In its art, architecture, in all its customs, Southern Rhodesia has kept, so far, the ways of the north temperate climates. It has made small concessions. It drinks in the evening when the heat of the day is over, and has thus made the 'sundowner' an institution of which Rhodesians talk to strangers with an air of proud condescension. But the general gaze still has a thin, obstructing veil before it.

Only recently, within the last year or so, has the architecture of the larger buildings in Bulawayo and Salisbury, the two main centres, begun to show any sympathy with Rhodesian conditions. There has always been a consciousness of space over which to spread, so the streets are wide. (Bulawayo's streets are wide enough to allow a full span of sixteen donkeys to turn round in them. Cecil Rhodes apparently wished it to be that way, and so it was.) But the low, wide buildings have the closeness and niggardliness of the mean buildings in cold provincial cities. Only on the new, tall blocks of offices, now rising in the centres of the cities, are there long balconies and wide windows and the impression of embracing the open sky and acknowledging the sun. And only they present the eye with colours that soften the hard sunlight—tones of blue and grey and light-brown and brick. The old white façades send a hot glare down into the streets.

And in other things it is the same. Our furniture shows our sentiment rather than our discrimination. We have filled our places with dark English oak, and heavy Cape-Dutch-style stinkwood and imbuia. We smother our lounges in the uncomfortable grace of brocade-covered Chesterfield suites that you will stick to on a warm evening. We are beginning to learn a little, though, of the merits, both aesthetic and utilitarian, of light yet comfortable furniture that does not wrap you like an overcoat.

But it is in men and their dress that convention is dying hardest. While the women put colour and vivacity into the streets, and properly make a festival of each warm day, men wriggle in hard white collars and cuff-links. We do penance every time we dress for dancing on a warm night. Every now and then someone revolts, and comes out in a loose white silk shirt, loose black tie, and cummerbund, but give him

a few nights and he withdraws self-consciously into the old ways.

These are all less than traditions derived from our past, which in new places it is good to keep. They are fashions, retained against good reason, and out of place in our future—like our shop windows which we still dress in the hot Christmas season with cotton-wool snow and tinsel frost.

THE CAUSE FOR UNEASINESS

In ways that matter more to the friendship of peoples, Rhodesians still appear to have that same regard for Rhodesia which the British never ceased to have for India. They form a society on stilts, touching the earth only in a few places. Although it is a sign of the attitude in general, it is not so important that White society in this part of Africa should in so many respects keep its eyes turned towards the Old Country. It is in its unwillingness to look closely at Africa, direct into the eyes of the Africans, and to face the consequences of its being here, that the cause for uneasiness lies.

It is not unreasonable that no artist should yet have appeared above the general level of Rhodesian culture. But there is no dearth of painters in the country, trying with varying talents to take a proper look at the Rhodesian scene. And one has a right to expect to find among their work some sign of success. As yet, however, there still appears an uncertain bewilderment before an environment which they do not really understand.

At any exhibition of paintings held in Salisbury or Bulawayo you will find still lifes on dun backgrounds, painted in imaginations where sunlight is strange and where clouds give a discreet light. There are landscapes which have the colours of a Northern autumn. Few of the painters have looked boldly into the sun, or seen that there is no elegance in the bright, wild veld. They reduce to a cautious formality the commotion of colour and warmth that is a Rhodesian day. And when they paint the African people, one senses that they do so as passengers on a train passing through—these are snapshots of our sojourn in Africa. There is no sign that they have looked into the eyes of these people and paused to find the pulse beneath the black skin.

And, as with painting, so with literature. In the past the only considerable writing to come out of Rhodesia has been in verse, and even that, the language of poets, has not expressed the very stress and strain of human relations in Africa. It has been descriptive. Its makers have not felt the frightening immensity of the problems we have created in coming jealous of our old ways into a new land of new peoples. In prose there has yet been no Pauline Smith to cut into the driest parts of our heart with the incisive understanding with which she has written of the South African Karroo. Nor has there been voiced the sad cry for the beloved country. Now, lately, a woman, Doris Lessing, has begun to bring the picture to life. If she has brought to it too much hysteria in *The Grass Is Singing*, it is at any rate an encouraging start.

THE COMMON VOTERS' ROLL

Just as in all this Rhodesians are caught between Britain and their own land, so in political and economic affairs they lie between South Africa and the British African territories to the north.

Southern Rhodesia has that which no other Central African territory has, and that which has been whittled away to nothing in the Cape Province of South Africa. It has a common voters' roll, with an economic franchise—one man one vote, and every qualified person shall have an equal say at the polls, regardless of colour. This keeps open the door for the African to move into his proper estate when by his economic status and political understanding he is able to undertake his democratic responsibilities properly. And Rhodesians are right when they say that only on this basis can a really democratic state flourish in Rhodesia.

This, one presumes, is how men like Sir Godfrey Huggins see it, who have looked at the system carefully and followed it to its conclusion, and are yet not afraid of it. For it means that as time goes on, each African, as he qualifies as a voter, will have an equal strength with each European. And one senses, in talking with apprentices and artisans, with men in bars and with men and women at sundowner parties, that most Rhodesians have avoided

looking that far. They now accept the common electoral roll because it is still safe. African participation in politics has been, and still is, a sufficiently academic question not to cause great concern. Liberalism has so far cost nothing.

THE EUROPEAN SIDE

But against one's hopes that Liberalism will prevail, there are disturbing signs. In the political field there is the emergence of a new party in Southern Rhodesia, calling itself Democratic, but inheriting the restricted views of the South African Malanites. So far this party has aroused no enthusiasm among the great majority of Rhodesians, but its existence is not reassuring.

And a recent event, closer to the hub of our political affairs, has been disappointing. Recently Parliament has raised the limit of the economic franchise from an income of one hundred pounds a year to two hundred and forty pounds a year, with the frank intention of keeping the degree of exclusion of Africans from the rolls. There is reason in the Government's argument that, with the loss of the value of money and the increase in money incomes, the sound principles of the economic franchise were being vitiated. But so has been the country's commendable loyalty to a Liberal political philosophy. A progressive raising of the minimum economic qualifications for voters would be worse than no economic franchise at all.

Against all this, it is only right to point out that the number of qualified Africans who have chosen to become voters is small. They do not make use of the opportunity they already have.

It is in the economic field that the attitude of the Europeans is clearest and most reactionary. Under the Industrial Conciliation Acts, African trade unions are not recognised. Wages determined between employers and European trade unions and applicable in urban areas are fixed so as to exclude the employment of Africans in jobs done by Europeans. The system has a certain spurious reasonableness, for the argument is that wage determination assures the same wages to Africans as to Europeans for the same work. But with set minimum wages, no employer will use unskilled African labour if he can employ Europeans. And the benefits of apprenticeship are denied the Africans.

This is the most serious problem of all for future race relations in Southern Rhodesia. When the bare framework of the labour problem is filled in with the personal views of European workmen, the prospect is not improved.

THE OTHER SIDE

That, however, is the picture on the European side. It is a picture in which opinions and sentiments and jealously-held ideas are predominant. These have allowed so little concession to the growing demands of the African population. It may be—and one hopes this—that they will be changed by events, by the changing pattern on the other side of the picture. For there, among the Africans themselves, things are happening which will influence our present ways, and which will force a more realistic approach on to us.

Among the Africans the most significant changes are in the economic field. Though African trade unions are not recognised officially, one of the largest employers in the country—the Rhodesia Railways—has already recognised the strong union of its African workers for the purposes of labour negotiations in railway affairs. And there is evidence that in many other fields collective movements exist among African workers, with financial resources being accumulated from regular subscriptions by members. This collective strength will spread, for it cannot be prevented from doing so, and it will be a fact which may not be by-passed in any economic reckoning.

Outside the towns, and inside them, a class of African employer is growing, consisting of building contractors, motor-bus operators, store-keepers, furniture-makers. A few of them are already wealthy by European standards. More teachers are being trained in the Government and Mission schools. There are yet no professional people among them, but in Cape Town I have met African law-students, natives of Southern Rhodesia, who intend to return to the Colony when they complete their training. That, no doubt, will cause a little crisis in the Law Society.

Perhaps, in time, they will produce

their own artists, like Gerald Sekoto in South Africa.

An African middle class is gradually growing in Southern Rhodesia. Whether or not it becomes a revolutionary class is in the hands of the white population. The important thing is that we in Africa, by our very coming, have started some vast change which we cannot now stop.

The movement of the African people will be a slow one at first, before it quickens along channels, some of which may be false. In the face of it we shall have to concede, for, as it gathers force, concession will be the only way. And presuming that reason and adaptability are qualities of our race, there will be a clearer prospect before us.

A LETTER FROM DELHI

A. S. RAMAN

DELHI since Independence has been most active in the field of the arts. It is seen at its gayest in winter months; not a week passes without an exhibition, a play, a ballet, or a concert, while cinemas vie with one another in offering their choicest fare.

Of these activities, exhibitions are the most numerous and least attended. For instance, I happened to be the only man present at a recent exhibition. Even the artist was not there. And it was a good exhibition. Today, there are many serious artists in India who deserve an audience larger than the one they have found so far.

It was appropriate that India should have been, for the first time, invited to participate in the 1951 *Salon de Mai* in Paris. The artists who contributed to the Indian section were: Sailoz Mookherjea, Bhabesh Sanyal and Biren De from Delhi, Sheila Auden and Kalyan Sen from Calcutta, Ramkinkar from Santiniketan, Hebbar, Chavda, Husain, Gade and Raza from Bombay and those two brilliant exponents of Andhra Folk Art, P. L. Narasimha Murty and K. Sreenivasulu from Madras. 'The Salon shows this year a great success,' says the Salon's secretary in a report, 'and the number of visitors is reaching a record. They are extremely interested in the Indian Section which has brought messages from painters preserved from the too exclusive influence of the École de Paris, who benefit from a tradition and a civilisation whose influence, when it is well assimilated, gives works very fine, very attaching and nevertheless of a remarkable modernism.'

THE THREE SCHOOLS

It has been my theory that of the various schools of thought that dominate contemporary Indian painting three are most significant—Revivalism (Example: Kirpal Singh Shekhawat's 'Marriage Procession of a Rajput Prince' which is one of the most charming specimens of the Revivalist school ever painted in recent times); 'Modernism', a very ugly term (Example: George Keyt's 'Nayika' which shows how pure and profound Parisian idioms can become in the hands of an Oriental master), and Neo-primitivism (Example: P. L. Narasimha Murty's 'The Childhood of Balarama and Sri Krishna', which is based on the wooden dolls of Tirupati in Chittoor district, Madras. Balarama's body is painted in white and Sri Krishna's in dark brown. The lines on Balarama's body are in black and Indian red. The decorative background is in dark greens and yellows). There have been, of course, other schools, too, but, being inconsequential, these are best ignored. This classification is based on my own analysis of the main trends and not on any aesthetic theories consciously held by the artist. There have not been, in India, as in Europe, movements and manifestos, except perhaps the Bengal School which has been the forum for the Revivalists.

The champions of the Bengal School claim for it more than it can digest. They are spirited rather than informed. They identify the Bengal School with everything that is Oriental in its inspiration. Whatever is good in Modern Indian Art belongs to the Bengal School, and whatever bad, to the École de Paris. The Bengal School, according to them, can do no wrong. In its early days, animated by high idealism of which there is little evidence today, the Bengal School certainly created a style of painting that was to remain for some time the only style distinctively Indian. But soon it spent itself.

If the Bengal School stands for everything that is Oriental in its inspiration, amusingly enough, it had its origins in Paris in the latter half of the last century, when the Impressionists came under the spell of the Japanese colour prints. And the source of inspiration in European art has since remained basically Oriental. Look at the lines of Gauguin, Van Gogh, Braque, Rouault and Picasso. Look at the treatment and transformation of colour in the hands of the Fauves. Again, what is it that Matisse has mostly re-stated? A school of art is to be judged in terms not of its source of inspiration, but of its contribution to the visual vocabulary of the artist.

The most serious defect of the Bengal School is its obsession with a distinction between the East and the West that no longer exists. Today, the artist considers himself free to draw on any source he likes, with a view to emphasising particular aspects to strengthening *alankara*, as they say in Indian aesthetics. The problem of creation has never been so great. The sentimental beliefs about art are now seen to be false, and the long-cherished moulds of 'beauty', etc., are being discarded. Art, in order to endure, has to be creative, and no revivalist art, except in its first flush of enthusiasm, can be creative.

The École de Paris has been the forum for the Modernists. Why does the Indian artist turn to Paris instead of going back to the vision and technique of his great ancestors? Perhaps because his great ancesters lived and painted in an age different from his own, in an age of faith. He has also another reason for turning to Paris, namely, that Paris has been the symbol of a new force liberating and unifying artists all over the world. If Mexicans, Spaniards and Russians can express the spirit of their national heritage in Parisian idioms, there is no reason, he says to himself, why an Indian cannot. Here I am reminded of what Derek Hill said the other day: 'Paris may still be the temple of new prophecies, but it is no longer a Frenchman who interprets the oracle.' The Modernist in India, as in the rest of the world, is more sinned against than sinning. In defence of his own delineation of the sacred Hindu themes, which, despite its stylistic affinities with the École de Paris, is as authentic and audacious as that we find in some of our greatest sculpture and literature, George Keyt observes: 'I take no more liberties with the sacred Hindu subjects than were taken by the Hindus themselves in all the great periods of Hinduism. The average Hindu today appears to be uninformed in many ways. He sees nothing of the great Hindu art extant. Puritanism and narrow bigotry came in first with Islam . . .' (from a letter to the author).

Who are the Neo-primitives? They draw their inspiration from Folk Art. Neither the Bengal School, which is sophisticated, nor the École de Paris, which is *Mlechchha* (alien), has any interest at all for them. It must be said to their credit that, under the leadership of Jamini Roy, Neo-primitives have succeeded in smashing the art-school dogma, in rehabilitating the prestige of Folk Art and in creating international interest in a genuinely Indian style of painting.

The superiority of Folk Art and the École de Paris over the Bengal School lies in their idioms which are living. Folk Art is preserved in Indian villages and the École de Paris, all over the world.

Today there are at least a hundred artists working in Delhi. They are members of one or the other of the two rival organisations: (1) All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society with their national status severely contested and (2) the Delhi Silpi Chakra, who have actually emerged from AIFA & CS as a rebel group. Delhi's best-known artist, Sailoz Mookherjea, however, remains neutral. For, as he says, he is a painter and not a politician. The

criticism against AIFA & CS, which it would be difficult to answer, is that they are the apostles of the Bengal School, which in its present phase is sterile and stagnant. On the credit side, they have many achievements. In fact, Delhi owes its interest in art to their pioneer efforts over twenty years ago. They have recently carried representative exhibitions of Modern Indian Art to Kabul, Cairo, Ankara, Peking and other places. When the Gallery of Contemporary Art, which they have been planning for a number of years, materialises, their most-cherished dream will have come true.

Among the artists of the Delhi Silpi Chakra, the most outstanding is Dhanraj Bhagat, who is a sculptor. It was one of the happiest days in the history of Modern Indian Art when he gave up painting and decided to concentrate on sculpture. His paintings at best have only topographical interest. Today, he is one of our most provocative sculptors—direct, dynamic and daring. His interest in representational content is not marred by his passion for simplification of form. He carves directly in wood, a medium which appeals to him most because of its grain. Other reasons for his preference for wood over other media are: (1) its cheapness (2) its availability (3) its portability. He carves, on an average, about ten pieces in a year.

Another member of the DSC who deserves notice is young Harkrishan. He is still in his early twenties, and his work, naturally, bears the impress of youth, of vitality as well as immaturity. He is irresistible in his landscapes which are highly evocative. His adolescent adventures into social realism, however, are unconvincing.

THE MUSEUM

A word about the National Museum, before we turn to other aspects of Delhi's cultural life. The National Museum at Rashtrapati Bhawan (former Viceroy's House) in New Delhi actually emerged from the Exhibition of the Art of India and Pakistan held at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1947–8. It is, incidentally, a place of which New Delhi is hardly aware. There is not a single signboard pointing to its location. Rather surprising, because New Delhi is essentially a city of signboards, very loud and very empty. A stranger's chances of reaching the National Museum are, in fact, very slender unless the gods are exceptionally kind to him. And when he reaches it—if he reaches it at all—he finds himself in the midst of the India of his dreams—sauve, serene and sensitive. Some of the finest specimens of our five-thousand-year-old artistic heritage await him. Discordant notes are, however, struck by a few legacies of the old régime. A Glyn Philpot, for instance, shares a room with prehistoric terra-cottas. Similarly the badly-lit Topolski, a massive melodrama depicting the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi set against the general background of the turmoil in the East, is out of place too. Modern Indian Art is conspicuous by its absence. The Ministry of Education, I understand, have acquired an excellent collection of it. But where is it? Wherever it may be, it is certainly not within the reach of the public.

A National Museum worth the name is yet to come. And, I am afraid, it is not lack of funds but lack of will that is responsible for India not having it so far.

THE DRAMA

Between the months of October and March, Delhi witnesses a spurt of dramatic activity. Many problems, including the absence of a theatre and the dearth of suitable plays in Indian languages, beset the Delhi producers who are all amateurs. Delhi, unlike Madras and Culcutta, never had a dramatic tradition of its own. Nor is it likely to develop one in the near future. For it lacks a sense of purpose. The performances of its numerous theatrical groups are, inevitably, erratic and uneven. The U.K. Commission's Amateur Dramatic Club, the Institute of Foreign Languages and the Little Theatre Group generally produce the plays Delhi enjoys most. The IFL's handling of Sartre and Camus has been particularly successful. The LTG have very talented artistes among them, all Indians, and producer I. L. Das makes the best use of them. Das claims intimate contact with the Little Theatre Movement in the U.K., where he stayed for several years. He is no doubt the moving spirit of the LTG. But his contempt for everything that is traditional is

incomprehensible. An Indian play is the last he would choose, with the result that his adaptation of foreign plays in Hindi sometimes turns out to be most amusing. Naturally, whoever attempts to revive tradition in its pristine purity presents a pleasing contrast which explains the tremendous interest that Delhi showed in New Stage's ballet, *Ramlila*, in October 1951. NS, a very imaginative group from Bombay, tell the story of the *Ramayana* in a rich and robust language, in the language not of classical, but folk dances—pure, simple and direct.

THE CINEMA

New Delhi sees mostly foreign films, and Old Delhi, Indian films. An average Hollywood production finds a more friendly audience than an average British production. But Rank is a name which is generally held in very high esteem.

What are the Indian films like? If films are to serve as purveyors of culture, as they do in civilised countries, those produced in India fail miserably in their function. The general run of Indian films is, artistically and technically, inferior to those produced in the West. Their defects are: loosely-knit stories as far removed from the contemporary scene as from history and mythology; songs monotonous when they are not misplaced; hybrid tunes; high falutin' dialogue; stagy acting; insufferable footage, and general technical indifference, if not incompetence. No wonder that Paul Rotha dismisses India in hardly one hundred lines in his one thousand-page survey of world cinema! The chief cause of the low standard of Indian films is absence of serious criticism.

In the meantime, the Indian film industry continues to be the second largest in the world. Who maintains it? An Indian film is the sort of thing we publicly condemn and privately enjoy. 'Oh, it is bound to be absurd as usual,' we shout at the very mention of a new film, but we shall have already reserved our seats. This is how we keep the Indian film industry going. In our heart of hearts, we confess to having had plenty of fun in an Indian film—music, dance drama, even circus, all in one. The industry with its vast resources can certainly afford to take 'risks', if giving a lead to public taste is taking 'risks' at all—perhaps it is in this country.

It is heartening to note that there are a few producers who are prepared to take 'risks'. For instance, New Theatres of Calcutta, Vauhini of Madras, and, of late, Ranjit of Bombay, to name a few, have made films of which any country would be proud, films which present our life, culture and institutions in a cross-section at once chaste, crisp and compact. Among the few unforgettable films I happened to see recently, I would include *Jogan*, a Freudian interpretation of Bhakti cult, and *Hum Log*, a forceful piece of social realism, both Ranjit productions.

Vauhini is a name hardly known in areas where Telugu is not understood. But not only some of South India's best pictures but studios which are claimed to be the best in the East bear this name. Why should not Vauhini, like Gemini, A. V. M. and others, enter the all-India market? But these enterprising producers should aim, not at Telugu or Tamil pictures dubbed in Hindi, but at real Hindi pictures and thus contribute not only to the propagation of Hindi in South India but to the presentation of a clear and correct picture of South India to the Hindi-speaking public who, incidentally, have funny notions about a 'Madrassi'—they actually believe that there is such a thing as 'Madrassi' language! Here I must refer to the great part played by New Theatres in interpreting Bengal to the rest of India.

* * *

The little sense of unity we had till the other day has been fading since Independence. Today, 'the narrow domestic walls', against which Tagore warned us, are emerging between one State and another, between one language and another, between one group and another and letting loose provincialism at its meanest. It is time we revitalised our sense of unity in every possible manner. The sense of unity cannot endure, unless it is based on inter-State good will and understanding, which films can promote to a very great extent.

A NOTE ON THE RECENT PAINTINGS OF FRANCIS BACON

ROBERT MELVILLE

FRANCIS BACON's paintings are the ripe grey fruit of darkness, streaked by stray gleams of red, blue, mauve and green, as if from some unseen stained-glass window of the Expulsion.

In the five vast oil sketches recently exhibited at the Hanover Gallery, the sense of creatures called forth against their will, and peremptorily exposed, creates extreme tension, as if a further move against their privacy were about to take place before our eyes. A young man has lurched through a door to face two shadows falling across the pavement; a nude half-man has come out of a curtained box to crouch in a tiny playground defined by white lines; a curtain has rattled to the floor in the other three canvases, to expose and disconcert to the point of final derangement a figure clothed in papal vestments.

These pictures have one powerful but primitive and stilted precedent in painting —Chirico's 'The Child's Brain', a favourite of the Surrealists. It depicts a shallow box hung with curtains which have been drawn aside to expose to view a waxwork effigy of a naked, middle-aged man. This obscure act of shaming has upon it the mark of an actively evil magic, with murder or some other outrage as the intended outcome. Its resemblance to Bacon's paintings is to be found in the act of exposure and in the suspicion it arouses that some dark game of domination has been in play. The evil clings, but Chirico's picture is no more than the record of a magic operation, a copy of an actual waxwork in an actual box: in Bacon's pictures the magic substance is the worked and transformed paint, and the operation occurs before our eyes.

Everything I am saying is meaningless if there is no other mode of knowledge than the rational. Edwyn Bevan in *Symbolism and Belief* considered some symbols which have no conceptual meaning and found that they called forth three main kinds of emotion—'the feeling of the beautiful, the sexual feeling, and the germinal feeling of religious awe . . . . the numinous.' It seems to me that the symbols of Bacon—and the symbol is not simply the figure but the whole canvas—arouses a confused echo or perverse compound of all three of these feelings. The substance which he derives from paint seems to work directly upon the nerves, communicates, so to speak, with our own substance, matter to matter, like a secret coupling.

* * *

No painter of our time has been given more power to transform the world into pictorial terms, yet his pictures are cynical abstracts of a Renaissance sumptuousness, subtle wrecks of masterpieces, drifting always towards us as if magnetised by our flesh. 'Not my kind of painting,' people say, 'but I have to admit . . .' These pictures cling; they know things about us that we ourselves only begin to know after we have seen them.

The paint runs thin like blood, or coagulates into scabs, for Bacon has an alchemistic obsession with the making of flesh, and shows little concern with where it forms; it may congeal into a curtain, turn acid and dry on a face or spill out wet, slippery, grey and inchoate from a box, as in the picture of the crouching nude. It seems, too, that he can no longer be bothered to shape it very thoroughly even when it informs a figure: it remains foetal; hands have no fingers, bodies are pseudopods. But it is, of course, pseudo-flesh, a substance as sinister as the ectoplasm that wavers out of the body of the medium.

One feels that the paint has been meddled with far beyond the stirring of one colour into another; touched by sly fingers of the soul, encouraged by insulting memories of its Venetian past. It palpitates; there is an erecting and sliding away, and within this primary movement of the substance there is the secondary movement of the figures, for the figures are never still; they lurch and turn, they try to clasp their shapeless hands or grip with them the sides of a chair.

The curtain rattles down. At first, the figure in papal robes has no time to look surprised, and only shows a face clotted by gross aspirations. But the *artist* may have been surprised, for he seems to have backed away a little for the second 'take'. Farther off, the figure is shouting dreadfully, its pince-nez awry. And now—third 'take'—the artist moves in for the 'kill', the 'scoop', the 'close-up', and depicts a face unfocused by nearness, unhinged by screaming and utterly 'unpublishable', except by the 'other side'. A marvellously painted fan-like canopy emerges from the darkness and hovers over the screaming head; it is a 'manifestation', like the single shaft of light that finds its way through clouds to pay its respects to the coffin at state funerals.

There was one small picture exhibited with the others. It depicts a man raising his hand to a monkey behind wire. It is possibly better painted and composed than the large ones. It is reminiscent of the best of those late Sickerts that were taken from newspaper photographs; but it has none of the inexplicable magic and grandeur of the large sketches. Is this because the cage fills the picture space? The figures in the other pictures are also in various kinds of cages, but the cages are surrounded by unfathomable space; they are pictures within pictures of emptiness. The cages are not really cages but white lines which imprison figures in illusory boxes, or in 'pitches' like magic circles. The figures remind one of those prisoners of Mongolian nomads, mentioned in travellers' tales who were squeezed into tiny wooden boxes and carried from one camping place to another until they died, always in sight of the boundless freedom of the steppe. Yet the space which surrounds Bacon's figures has no dimensions to give it the serenity of Renaissance space; it is rather the illimitable realm of voracity, from which other wretches will be fetched. It is the measure of one's implication that one awaits their emergence without pity, but with awe and an expectant lifting of the heart.

TITLES OF PICTURES:

PORTRAIT OF LUCIAN FREUD

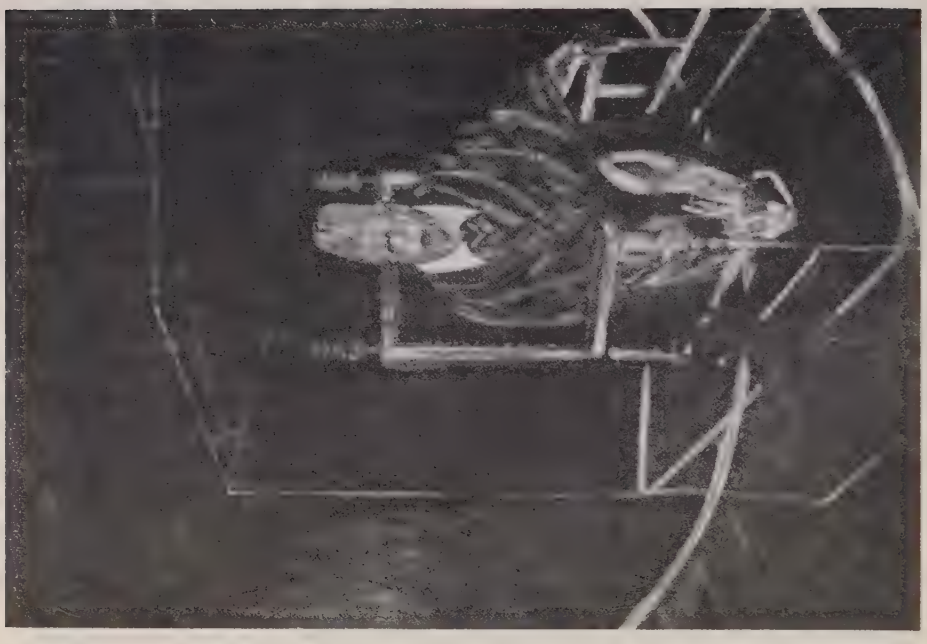
THREE STUDIES IN SEQUENCE

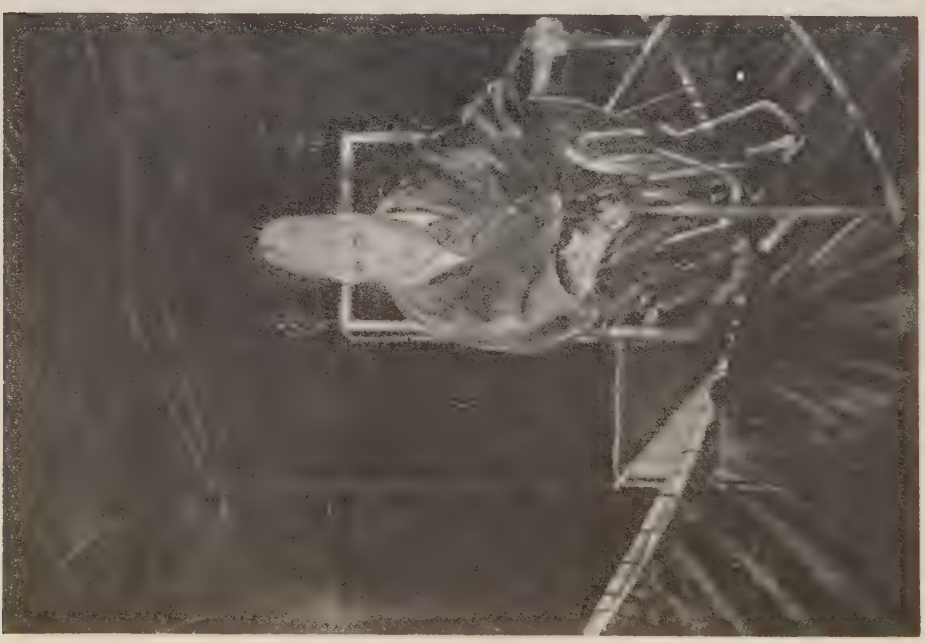
2

Francis Bacon

C

Francis Bacon





If war comes, very few Russians, if any, will think that even a small share of the blame falls on the Soviet Union

RUSSIAN MAGAZINES

BRUCE RENTON

It would be superfluous to point out that every Russian magazine consists of propaganda. There is no magazine, like *Life*, which enables the Soviet reader to escape into a world of exotic make-believe. Yet, in a way, the technicolor south-sea island paradises on which the American public is fed has its equivalent in the Soviet Press, and perhaps by dint of musing on it, the Russians have come to regard this vision as their paradise. It is the vision of the perfect future Communist state.

The romance lies in the thrill and adventure of its gradual construction. All over the world, often as martyrs, the glorious army marches forward. The romanticised version of Communist progress all over the face of the earth might in itself be called escapism. The Russian is taught to forget the dead of this era and to have faith in the future of his children. The strange, unromantic symbols of this future are usually grotesque machines; they are a symbol of peace, plenty and happiness. This is how the vision is presented in the Russian magazine *Aganyok*. 'The wind blows clouds of white dust across the Stalingrad steppe . . . the peasants remember the "dead fields" of the scorched earth . . . but now, where the dead once lay, where the tanks and canons were thrown, they see arising the mighty Volga-Don shipping canal.' And with this must the bereaved be consoled, for progress of this sort is the ultimate truth in life, and therefore transcends all suffering.

We, in the West, continually hark back to the past for our epics, and we see them as isolated things, ranging from the Battle of Trafalgar to the defeat of the last of the Indian chiefs on the warpath. To the Soviets their epic is a continuous one, one long battle for progress and the liberation of mankind: there is only one war, and it goes on all the time. The construction of the Volga-Don Canal, the Stalingrad siege, and the international peace campaign are all incidents in the same war.

The Americans have sometimes asserted their national heritage by making films of the pioneer construction of their railways. For the Russians, too, the railway is a symbol of what they are striving for, but their attitude is different. They weave haloes of glory around the railways of the present. Nor are they national railways, but the 'railways of mankind'. A few years ago the Soviet Press was crammed with articles about Tito's Youth Railway. This spirit of endeavour in an embryonic Utopia was calculated to stir the hearts of the elder Soviets and spur them on to new efforts. Albania has now taken the place of Yugoslavia as the embryonic Utopia. Distance lending enchantment to the eye, articles glorifying the achievements of Albania are always to be found in the Soviet Press. They give a practical illustration to the Russian people that man achieves what he wants in this world only with his own hands, and that the only faith he requires is faith in his Communist future.

THE IDEAL WOMAN

The Soviet Press continually picks out its ideal type of human from the 'new' places, like Albania, or even Korea. The ideal woman is of two types. One is the woman of strength and talent whose prime duty in life is to put her qualities at the direct service of the State. Such a woman is Dora Leka of Albania, as portrayed in *Sovyetskaya Zhenshchina* (Soviet Woman, 1950, 6). At first she is a negative heroine, her merits consisting of the opportunities she never had. She loved music but her greatest merit was that, even if there had been a school of music in Albania, she could never have afforded to have gone

to it. Early she joined an underground organisation that operated against Mussolini's colonisers. In 1941, she 'took to the hills', and there, between battles, she started her musical life in earnest, composing 'Hymn of Albanian Youth', 'Hymn of the Albanian Army', and 'Song of the First Division', which the Partisans sang as they marched into Tirana. Dora Leka's inspiration and vision is the city of Lenin, and Stalin is for her a mixture of *prince lointain* and deity. After the war she goes to the Moscow conservatorium. She is thus now equipped, emotionally, technically, and by general upbringing, to be a woman pioneer in the field of music.

PEACE AND REVENGE

All the women, of course, cannot be like Dora Leka. Most must be tender mothers. The Soviets do not go in for sentimental portrayals of women, unless there is a catch in it. Soviet propaganda plays a great deal on the tenderness of Russian women. The mothers are always put to the foreground in the campaign for peace. On the cover of *Aganyok* (January 1951) we see in technicolor a pugnacious peasant mother standing before her daughters with clenched fist, while the caption reads, 'We stand for Peace!' Or, in *Soviet Woman* we find the photo of a North Korean mother, dressed in white, in springtime, with her babe in her arms, and underneath a poem that reads, 'I remember you like that, Korean mother, in forty-five—as you thought of the happiness ahead. There will never be any forgiveness for the swine who levelled guns at your babe.' This tender springtime mother is thus transformed into a symbol of revenge.

PERSECUTION MANIA

It is a tribute to the Soviet internal propaganda system that, if war comes, very few people, if any, will think even a small share of blame falls on the Soviet Union. If we look through Western magazines, we find pictures of troops, new weapons and aeroplanes. We see, in fact, our half of the world preparing for war. But in the Soviet Union nobody sees pictures of the Soviet Union preparing for war. There are only pictures of Western rearmament, and the occasional communiqué saying that Russia must be prepared to defend herself. Instead, there are pictures of folk-dancing in traditional dress; gigantic portraits of peaceful peasants and noble steel-workers; of Chinese popular pageantry, mass choirs, and sunlit maternity wards. The Soviet magazines portray the hard-working, song-loving Communist peoples marching to their glorious destiny. Peace and plenty is on everybody's lips in these magazines, so that, naturally, the Russian people can only conceive of war as something that might be thrust upon them by an iniquitous outside world. For, in their world, there is no mention of war.

The Communist people of the world are represented as being perpetually on the defensive. The persecution mania of the individual Communist has become the government-sponsored mania of hundreds of millions of people in the East. The Americans will produce stories and films in which war is accepted as something inevitable (as is *Walk in the Sun*); they imply that groups of people must fight for their existence against rival groups of people. Soviet magazine stories make war synonymous with Fascism and Capitalism, and peace synonymous with Communism.

Max Polyanovsky has written a story in *Aganyok* called 'His Fate', which corresponds to the sort of story we might read in any of the popular larger weeklies of this country. It relates how Capt. Gasilov, during the Stalingrad campaign, found a living child in the wreckage of a train, kept the child with him during the war, and finally adopted him. This symbolism of the Red Army captain, thinking of the citizens of the future in the heat of battle, leads up to a sort of peace petition in the last paragraph: 'There are rogues in the world who would annihilate everything for their own gains. To them the happiness of mothers means nothing. But all honourable people believe they will have the strength to prevent another war.'

A CHINESE FABLE

As we think of the waves of Chinese attacking in Korea, we find vaguely ludicrous the Utopian story *New Things* translated into a Russian magazine from the Chinese of Gu Yui. It is the story of two Chinese peasants who get married. The girl

refuses to waste money on a trousseau; the groom refuses to send for his bride in an expensive palankeen. He tells his outraged mother that the old, feudal customs do not become 'activists'. The bride is given away by the President of the Women's Union. The village elder makes a wedding speech, explaining away the young couple's romance by saying that they had worked together harmoniously in the fields and that they had liked each other, and that, because of the government drive for economy, she had not wasted money on a trousseau. Presumably they live happily ever after—or perhaps the groom is sent to Korea. The story does not say.

THE TWIN AIMS

The Russians are a fundamentally religious people. Their feelings run deep and their outlook on life is simple. It has been a comparatively easy matter for the government to canalise these qualities of the great mass of the people into the official, simplified pattern of life. This pattern is imprinted on their minds by the consistent exaltation of qualities which, while they may be of intrinsic value in themselves, cannot be the beginning and end of life, as the Soviet propaganda system would have its millions of subjects believe. The danger to the rest of the world comes not so much from what the Soviet propaganda *includes* as what it *excludes*. To build a railway or a hydro-electric station will always be a laudable desire; to imagine oneself as part of a great army struggling for peace and progress is enough to put any man's conscience at rest. But the Russian people have been led to believe that all these fine ambitions stop dead at the frontier of Communism, and that on the other side people have completely reversed these aims of life, i.e., they struggle for war and reaction. Thus the twin aims of Soviet internal propaganda are successful: the Russians have (a) complete belief in their own way of life, and (b) complete disbelief in anybody else's.

The Russians have thus been made into perhaps the most formidable single fighting force in history. When Hitler's Germans marched, they put their faith chiefly in their own strength; they made no pretence of being concerned with human rights. But, due partly to the Russian apocalyptic temperament, and chiefly to the overwhelming internal propaganda machine, the Russians, if they march, will not only have material strength, but the religious conviction that they are fighting to save humanity. And they will overrun Europe with the slogan 'We stand for Peace' still fluttering from their banners.

THE GOD AND THE DEVIL

The Soviet popular outlook has, indeed, been reduced, or exalted to a religious level. The Russians refer to the internal situation in an almost mediaeval manner, as if it consisted of a clear-cut battle between God and the Devil. The God is Lenin and Stalin is his son. His mission is the salvation of mankind. He is all love and kindness but implacable when aroused. Songs that sound like Methodist hymns are written of him. Here is a song written by Akim Samar in *Soviet Woman*. It is called Our Great Friend:

His mind is clear and broad
broad as the meadowlands.
His mind is shining and deep,
deep as the deep blue seas.

He has a mighty heart
There is no heart like his.
Almighty is his will.
Stronger we cannot find.

I recall an editorial of *Pravda* in which Stalin was referred to as 'our conscience and the world'. This is complete and deliberate deification.

The God is constant but the Devil has many forms. Once it was Churchill, but MacArthur now far overshadows him. Once the Devil has been identified, he received the full blast of the Soviet magazine Press, so that his grotesque, caricatured figure haunts the soul of every Soviet citizen. The enemy is thus given a concrete shape. The Soviet 'humorous' periodical, *Crocodile*, is a positive nightmare of devils.

The impression, then, that we receive from reading the less official Soviet press is that, in the land of smiling plenty, there is no thought but of peace; with the important corollary that each man must be made in Lenin's image in order to beat off the Western devils when they attack. And devils always do attack.

Extracts from Marcel Proust's posthumous novel Jean Santeuil *have recently appeared in* Figaro, *as Pierre Seghers reported in his* Letter from Paris last month. *The complete novel will soon be published by Gallimard*

JEAN SANTEUIL
PROUST'S CONCEPTION OF LOVE

ALAIN GARENTH

BERGSON'S theory of memory opened new horizons to Proust; and indeed Proust himself admits Bergson's influence on his own conception of psychology. 'The past,' said Bergson, 'accumulates within us and constantly acts on the present, so that no one state can ever be any different from all the others.'

Proust's work is made up of a series of personal observations brought to life again by memory, and it is this resuscitation which allows us to say definitely that love, for Proust, is a permanent state.

When the discovery of a new novel by Proust was announced recently, there were immediately two schools of thought; the first was ready to believe that this novel would entirely alter our knowledge of Proust and that, in giving us the key to the young Proust, it would allow us to develop the idea of another Proust; the second thought, on the contrary, that this new novel would produce nothing really new and that it was in a way unfair to print a manuscript which had not been revised by the author.

Both sides are wrong. This new novel is essential for a complete knowledge of Proust. The young Proust is, in fact, the old Proust, in the sense that with someone like him there is always a well-defined framework which, although it is concealed by incidents, appears continually throughout his work, and I shall try to reconstitute it by examining Proust's conception of love-duration.

* * *

During the party to which Madame de Thébes contributed some of the main delight, Monseigneur, who had not lost his good humour for one moment, had the idea of taking to her little Jean, who was standing in a corner near the famous fortune-teller frightened out of his life. The idea was that she would read his hand . . .

Here is Jean Santeuil, small, frightened and lonely, one of those weak creatures who can only enjoy life in imagination. We have to deal with a timid boy who will remain timid all his life whatever disguise he assumes. 'He stayed all day in the Champs-Élysées and neither invitations from the small boys, advances from the little girls, nor threats from his nursemaid could make him break his despairing silence and leave the seat where he had taken refuge, hiding his head against the back.' *Then everything changed.* The timid boy becomes conscious of his existence at the approach of his first love. He will now be able to exteriorise himself, to come out of himself and love the other person. 'He had got to know a little Russian girl with thick black hair, clear laughing eyes and pink cheeks which shone with all the health, life and happiness which Jean did not possess.'

The essential point about Jean Santeuil's love becomes clear to us at that moment. Possibly at the beginning he loves the young Marie Kossichef for her own sake; possibly he has created this love in order to come out of himself, but it is none the less certain that there is an unconscious transference working within himself. He is jealous of this health and life which he lacks, and he can only obtain it by loving the other; that is to say, in making himself the other. But Jean does not know this state of mind—we shall find it again later with Marcel.

His first love is an exaltation of the imagination, and this is one of the dominant emotions in Proustian love. 'Ever since the morning he thought of nothing except the moment when he would see her smiling and playing. He was too upset to see her when she was actually there, and never really saw her so well as in the morning, or in the evening just before going to sleep. He has the impression that he suffers for Marie Kossichef and that is a pleasant feeling for him.' He even becomes 'Marie' when, playing in the snow, 'he throws snow balls at a child whom *She* does not like.' But Jean feels that 'his love is like something which one cannot take in one's hands, which one can only take in something else and which otherwise, would melt as does the snow. This thing which one cannot take, except with something else, is sexual desire, a desire that Marcel will feel later for the Duchesse de Guermantes when he says that 'she looks at us with kindness and we thought that she could belong to us.'

The feeling that something impossible prevents this possession leads to love, and it is that feeling which Jean has for Marie. 'Jean had never been to Mademoiselle Kossichef's house. Her parents had a much larger fortune than that of Monsieur and Madame Santeuil and they lived a life into which he had never penetrated. He made his nurse take him as far as the Hotel Kossichef so that Marie would be the destination of his walks as well as of his thoughts. He used to stop in front of the house, calm himself sufficiently to touch with his eyes and hands the door that was hers, the door that she opened and closed several times by day. He looked at her window and imagined her beyond it. He came back, not happier, but more tranquil.'

Then the first violent sorrow overtakes him. 'Marie is ill, you will not see her for two months', one of his friends tells him. 'He lived then through two very gloomy days telling himself incessantly that he would never see her again because, since they did not visit each other at home, they could only meet in the Champs-Élysées.' But soon Madame Santeuil begins to worry about this love and, in spite of her wish not to hurt Jean, she asked him to give up seeing Marie, looking at him sadly, with an expression of tender seriousness.

Could not the attitude of Madame Santeuil be explained by a more-than-maternal love for her son? When she tries to stop this love affair which takes part of her son's affection from her, does she not show that she suffers from a Phaedra complex? We are sure of this, and we will go even further. When Proust tells us later that he has an incestuous love for his mother, he seems to refer to the state of mind which might have been caused by this conflict. 'He saw directly in front of him, too near and too overwhelmingly, the danger of life or death which was close to him, and he could not avoid looking it in the face with a terrifying seriousness.'

He is to sacrifice his first love to his mother, but he has to replace it immediately, and it is she who becomes the object of it. We can say that the incestuous love of Madame Adrien Proust for her son Marcel creates a reciprocal state within him.

Such is the knowledge we have of this novel. When it is published, we shall be able to examine in a more general way its real place in the world of Proust. But we shall discover what I have called the framework.

We have just seen Proust as a child love another child, without any thought of possession. It is pure love created by the exultation of the imagination, a love made up of silence rather than action. Therefore, let us put it back into its place within the duration of Proust.

We thought that there was already in Proust a purely intellectual love, that of Marcel for the Duchesse de Guermantes. But we have also seen that the desire for possession has made its appearance. We can, therefore, give the following outline of Proust's adolescent love. At the root an innocent first love, that of Jean, which with age changes into an intellectual desire, that of Marcel. Then the crisis. Proust must pass from juvenile love without sorrow to mature love consisting entirely of sorrow and suffering. These are the links which bind together Odette, Gilberte and Albertine. His love for Gilberte springs from the desire for perpetuation

and possible multiplication of oneself. With her he hopes, in fact, to penetrate the mysterious life of the Swann Salon. He knows already that first moment of anguish which is the attraction towards the mysterious. Anguish alone seems to have the power to attach us almost inseparably to one person—this is the principle of great passions. 'In this case where it is a vain attempt, a word of refusal which determines a choice, the imagination, lashed by suffering, works so rapidly and creates with such an insane speed a love which is barely begun, and which had remained in a half-developed state for many months.' The second love of Swann for Odette illustrates this. The certainty that he would see her again every evening at the Verdurin's concealed from Swann his love for Odette. One evening she does not come and anguish takes hold of him. He goes to look for her; he visits the restaurants, running, dashing, panting, sweating breathlessly. Then all at once, in his harassed state, a new feeling is born within him, jealousy. His love is born of anguish. Of all the means whereby love is produced, of all the agents for the spread of the sacred evil, this is certainly one of the most effective, this great breath of agitation which sometimes passes over us. This anguish comes in a direct line from the sorrow which Jean felt just before, on learning that he would not see Marie again. Anguish is born of sorrow but to sorrow are added jealousy and physical want of the other being.

With Albertine appears one of those elusive beings created to make us suffer. These are the beings under whose physical presence are concealed more beings than exist in the huge and constantly renewed mass of people, beings whose ideas and personality continually escape us. For Proust, Albertine 'was one of those women whose faults and goodness can take the place of charm; goodness which follows their faults and brings back within us this tenderness which, as an invalid, we are continually forced to conquer again.' But the hero will go further. To know Albertine in all her hideousness and to love her, was it not to choose her?' We will find again in this love for Albertine a wish to continue to live within the duration. The hero loves Albertine, who, as we know, was a man, but what he loves above all is the association of Proust with Albertine. As we saw recently, this is the result of the transference. Albertine is Proust; that is to say, that the latter wishes, in identifying himself with another, to continue his duration and that is what we call, in ordinary terms, narcissism.

* * *

But where does this narcissism come from? For Proust there is no difference in nature from a psychological point of view between what can be felt and what can be understood. Everything for him is situated on an internal plane, the plane of the Spirit, and in this sense everything is psychic and subjective, and one of the great lessons which Proust draws from the fact of subjectivity is that there is no end outside ourselves, that one only fulfils oneself in coming back to oneself and not in going outside. This lesson is valid on every level but it must not be concluded from this that knowledge is impossible. Spinoza clearly showed that it is not necessary to leave the spiritual level in order to be certain of the truth. 'No indication is necessary beyond the possession of the true idea.'

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE DEFEATED

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

WRITING nearly two years before the end of the last war, far away from his former homeland, in remote California, Thomas Mann, in his great novel *Doctor Faustus*, made a remark which seemed to shoot a long beam of light across a territory which was then still dark, unknown, and of uncertain configuration. The destruction through war of all seemingly solid values in life, he noted, was giving the defeated countries, and among them, of course, notably Germany, 'a certain intellectual advantage over the rest'.

What Thomas Mann meant was that, having been forcibly divested of a host of traditional conceptions, preconceived ideas and all sorts of other luggage, material, moral, social, and artistic, the 'defeated writer' could afford to advance much faster and much more boldly into new and as yet unexplored spheres of intellectual experience than his colleagues who would, quite naturally, tend to cling to the values and concepts for whose preservation they had been fighting. The implied suggestion was, of course, that German writers of the post-Nazi period, if they were worth their salt (and their liberation), should seize and exploit this advantage to the utmost and come forward with a fresh and fearless contribution which only they, and no one else, could make.

As a description of the potential intellectual and artistic position reserved for German post-war writing, Thomas Mann's remark showed adventurous foresight and keen precision. This was indeed how things should have worked out. That they failed to do so, or did so only here and there and for brief, spasmodic spells, before they lapsed back into conformism, was due to factors which neither Thomas Mann nor anyone else outside Hitler Germany could at that time discern or clearly appreciate. Indeed, German writers themselves in many cases misjudged or misunderstood the temper of the community in whose midst they emerged from the holocaust, and after an initial 'false step' or two, pulled in their intellectual and artistic horns.

THE OLD TRADITION

It turned out that even so profoundly 'traditionalist' a writer as Thomas Mann himself found it easier and more natural to drop some of the more cumbersome pieces of intellectual luggage, rendered useless by the war, than did many of those inside Germany, especially among the younger generation, who should have been glad to be rid of them. Instead, most of them were disconsolate over the loss of something they had never truly possessed, and took endless pains over picking up and carrying along with them a jumbled assortment of other people's, and other generations', damaged ideas, obsolete experiences, and outworn artistic forms, found by the wayside. This is why the bulk of German writing today, in great contrast to what emerged after the First World War, seems so uninspiring.

It is conspicuously lacking in sharp outline, distinct feature, audible voice, and a bold stride. It is at once smoothly, almost glibly, formalistic and irritatingly half-baked and even inarticulate. Whether we turn to novels and short stories, to the drama, or to poetry, we meet on the whole with an uneasy, awkwardly lumbering conservatism which somewhat shamefacedly

looks round for something to conserve that has not already been bottled rather better by others before, and are constantly baffled by the incongruity which seems to exist between experience and perception on the one hand, and expression and statement on the other.

What has happened is, of course, that the fabric of German society, though seeming at first sight beyond repair, has proved tougher and more stubbornly self-sealing than Thomas Mann had anticipated. The texture of the spiritual, moral, artistic tradition and inheritance, though worn very thin, still held, and therefore seemed worth patching up. German writers had not the heart to burst through it, sensing that their public would refuse to follow them through the breach beyond which the spiritual implications and consequences of the upheaval their nation had caused, had to be boldly thought out. Half-heartedly, and often against their own better knowledge, they withdrew their initial acknowledgment of defeat or hedged it round with so many subtle qualifications that it became useless as a source of creative energy. Thus they lost their unique advantage, and as a result their progress now appears slow, encumbered, and at times quite directionless.

This accounts for what one might call the loss of the middle ground of experience in modern German writing. The general run of German post-war novels makes a wide detour round the difficult and intractable subject of the Hitler years, with its constant insistence on the unavoidability of a moral commitment. Naturally, there are exceptions, like Hans Fallada's *Jeder stirbt für sich allein*, which is a sad and truthful picture of the courageous 'Little Man' among a community dominated by fear, or like Bruno E. Werner's *Die Galeere*, a cloudy, dull, and all too apologetic picture of the not so courageous 'intellectual' who endeavours to preserve his integrity. But the great, comprehensive novel of *Life under Hitler*, which shirks none of its implications and neglects none of its aspects, has not yet been attempted.

Again, the war itself, as lived and experienced by the average German soldier, and especially the unprecedented human experience of the war in Russia, still waits for the strong heart and the steady hand to shape it into valid, meaningful literature. There have been two or three interesting attempts, like Erhard Kaestner's *Zeltbuch von Tumila*, Felix Hartlaub's *Von unten Gesehen*, or Gerhard Nebel's two volumes of Italian war diaries, but they have remained strictly private efforts, and strike one as especially timid and unsure where they try to give an appearance of relying, self-assuredly, on firm and indisputable human values. They are either too loud or so softly spoken as to be barely audible.

Is it all too big, too difficult, too treacherous and ungraspable? Is it because the sight of their homeland in the summer of 1945, and in subsequent years, simply took their breath away, that German writers failed to grapple with the unique and momentous situation, unparalleled in every way, in which their land and people have found themselves for the past six years? Here, if anywhere, one feels, the defeated had an extraordinary advantage, an experience that was theirs and theirs alone, and on which they should have been able to tell the world a thing or two. But again, with a few and not very noteworthy exceptions, like Wolfgang Koeppen's *Tauben im Gras*, a flashily hectic novel in the early Dos Passos manner depicting one day in the life of an American-occupied German city, the attempt has not been made, so far.

THE ADVANTAGE NOT TAKEN

This vast middle ground of experience, then, from which German writers, once released from the Goebbels tutelage, should have been able to create with a vengeance, lies almost deserted, if it is not, by common tacit consent, in fact, fenced off. Against this it cannot be denied that the majority of German writers today seem content with rummaging, with a measure of skill and artistry, among the settled comforts and assured consolations of bygone ages, and where an attempt is made, as in Elisabeth Langgaesser's darkly involved *Maerkische Argonautenfahrt*, to arrive at a clearer appreciation and a fuller understanding of the human implications of the

late German disaster, it soon loses itself in a tangle of pagan symbolism and Catholic mysticism which is not without its poetic beauty, but in which the great subject slips from the author's grip.

However, it would be wrong to suggest that the 'advantage of the defeated' has been lost altogether. But it seems significant that those German writers who perceived it from the outset, as Thomas Mann saw it, and seized it as he hoped they would, found themselves intensely preoccupied with visions, not of the intractable present, but of the future. There is a genuine impatience with the present day and its human and social constellations, in the writings of men like Ernst Juenger, Hermann Kasack, Gottfried Benn, and it is shared by younger writers like Walter Jens, Heinz Risse, and Hans-Erich Nossack, whose names have become known only since the war. Preoccupation with Utopian designs in literature must, of course, always be suspect as a form of 'escape' from problems, spiritual and artistic, nearer home, in the face of which a writer becomes conscious of his inadequacy. But there is less ground for such suspicion in our age than there may have been in former periods. The future, nowadays, is terribly near and more often than not inextricably mixed up with the present, and Wellsian flights of fancy have altogether lost their abstract air. In a sense, a writer who tries to visualise life fifty years hence, does so in the dark apprehension that his imagined world may in fact be stark reality before his book has reached its publisher.

GERMAN UTOPIAS

If there is, then, a noticeable trend among modern German writers to turn towards the Utopian in order to express what they think and feel today, it does not, on the whole, spring from a fear of getting involved in all sorts of commitments which the present day would impose. It is not so much because they wish to keep clear of the difficult present that they shoot right past it and straight into spheres of Utopian speculation, but because they are, to varying degrees, genuinely conscious of the shortness, transitoriness, and comparative meaninglessness of the present spell. What is looming ahead and seems fast approaching, is so much more real, definite, and possibly also lasting, than the shifting ground on which they stand, and from which they view it, that it seems necessary, and indeed more profitable, for the creative mind to anticipate rather than digest, to perceive what is emerging rather than analyse what has emerged so far and why. Although they are in a minority and their work does not always receive the attention it deserves, it seems a fair guess that in the long, or not so long, run, these writers, in their different ways all characteristically German, will prove more representative and have more durable values to offer than those among their fellow-authors who keep burying their heads in the sand in search of valuables long lost or perished.

1984

When George Orwell's *1984* appeared in a German translation two or three years ago, it made a deep impression, and one well-known German writer was heard to remark that 'this book should have been written by a German.' It was not an arrogant remark; it was not meant to imply that a German author, presumably because he was so much closer to the world mirrored in this novel, would have made a better job of it. On the contrary, it suggested that this was essentially a 'German subject', and that German writers should be ashamed of themselves for having failed so lamentably to see it. However, one of them had seen it, and wrought an astonishing and impressive first novel from it.

THE WORLD OF THE ACCUSED

Walter Jens' *Nein—Die Welt der Angeklagten* (The World of the Accused) was in fact written in Germany at precisely the time when George Orwell, in England, wrote *1984*, and it is most unlikely, indeed impossible, that the young German author knew of it, or was influenced by it. But that makes the proximity in which his thinking and imagining moves to Orwell's all the more remarkable. Indeed, Jens pursues the image of an all-totalitarian world a good deal further than Orwell. His story is

set in a completely unified world where the last of all wars has been fought, where there is peace because there are no more enemies, and which is ruled by a single dictatorship organised on a world-wide pattern. This dictatorship is self-generating: there is no more need even for 'Big Brother'; there is no dominating oligarchy, no supreme will, because the mechanism has learned to move under its own impetus, and this impetus is provided, quite logically, by the collective absence of will-power in the community—it keeps the thing going for ever.

Nevertheless, under this system, humanity falls into three categories—the judges, the witnesses, and the accused, and life itself is seen as one perpetual trial, with the possibility of promotion from one category to the next.

'The whole thing is very simple,' said the Judge. 'People have at last become happy. They can always precisely measure the degree of their happiness by checking against their production output which in turn is expressed in the rations allocated to them. But they don't know they're happy. They're accused, they become witnesses, they become judges. But they don't know it. They don't think of God, they don't love, they all perform the same movements, they have all learned what they have to do in their hours of leisure. But they are not aware of it. They're all thinking the same thoughts, using the same gestures; they're all talking only to themselves. But they don't know it.

'Only you and I are still aware of it. If you refuse my offer, there will be no one left in the world, after my death, who knows the machine. It will run under its own impetus. I leave it to you whether, after my death, there is to be one last supervisor who will be able at least to have some insight into the whole, although even he can no longer direct, control, or change it. Don't forget that we're still only at the beginning, but even so, we two are the only ones left to possess any knowledge. In a few decades the last differences will have been wiped out. The machine will turn itself. It needs only a little more time to reach this point.'

The hero of the story, to whom this offer is made, turns it down and prefers to be liquidated. His defiant 'No!' remains without echo. This is a first novel and has much of the rawness of experiment, but the vision is clearly grasped, the writing tight and terse, and there are scenes and incidents in it of such haunting inner reality that one feels the world has already all but caught up with the vision. The 'advantage of the defeated' does not seem to have lasted very long and is about to be lost.

THE CITY BEYOND THE RIVER

The shadow of the Orwellian nightmare lies less oppressively over Hermann Kasack's great novel *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom*, but it is an equally dark and haunting book. The most haunting thing about it is the doubt, never quite resolved, whether this is really a Utopian vision or something rather more fearful, namely an intensely sharpened and accentuated mirror-image of humanity's present condition, eternalised, so to speak, on a transcendental and, on occasion, irritatingly metaphysical plane. It may be neither, but probably is both. Its supreme virtue, in any case, is its strict adherence and absolute faithfulness to the inner laws of fancifulness—laws which obey their own logic and which a Utopian vision violates at its peril. Kasack's novel grows from an intensely disciplined imagination and always remains within the, admittedly far-flung, boundaries of the human dream.

Die Stadt hinter dem Strom is, so far, the most successful and valid attempt made in Germany to exploit the 'advantage of the defeated', without excuse, apology, or subterfuge. This 'City Beyond the River', which the author also calls *Das Zwischenreich*, the intermediate sphere or realm through which the soul must pass during the 'shock second' between dying and being dead, a city ruined, destroyed, situated for its greater part in underground catacombs, mercilessly scorched by an all-exposing sun blazing down from a cloudless sky—it is so hauntingly real not only because the author observes the rules of dream-logic with absolute strictness, but mainly because he conceived its image fearlessly, and with appalling clarity, years

before the cities of his own country began to look very much like his own nightmare.

Of course, anyone who has seen Germany's destroyed cities in the summer of 1945 knows instantly what this writer is talking about. But he is also reminded of Hiroshima, and of the Hiroshimas to come, and it is in moments such as these that he feels, in Kasack's book, to have Utopia all around him. Here, in this unnamed city beyond the Acheron, the dead, before finally passing beyond, relive once more their life—but only the mechanics of it. There are factories producing useless materials; there is a barter trade with meaningless properties; there is meaningless playing at soliders, meaningless adoration of meaningless gods; and above it all, unseen and ungraspable, the high tyranny of supreme bureaucracy which functions to no purpose and expresses its dogma in meaningless catchpenny phrases. 'Nevertheless,' the hero observes, 'the whole thing would appear to be based on a meaningful law, namely that there is a general equalisation of debt and credit, of guilt and non-guilt. But, of course, it proceeds collectively, that is from the whole and not from the single individual.' The vision is compelling. One feels it needs only the very slightest shift, and it will become undeniable and inescapable reality. It is the curse and the blessing of the genuine creative writer that he must, on occasion, say more than in fact he knows, and the power of his vision is measured by the extent to which he can compel his reader to accept more than he can verify.

HELIOPOLIS

There are, however, severe limits set to this power, and Ernst Juenger, well-known for his allegory *On the Marble Cliffs*, transgresses beyond them all too recklessly in his new novel *Heliopolis*. If this astonishing book is mentioned in conclusion of these observations, it is for two reasons: because it is, so far, the most ambitious attempt in the field of German Utopian writing, and at the same time its most distinguished and spectacular failure. It shows the boundaries beyond which the Utopian vision may not go lest it founders on the rocks of meaninglessness; it also seems to demonstrate that the Utopian vision, as has been said earlier, may have its source and inspiration in the feeling that the approaching shape of things is more real and more meaningful than what is here, but that it can establish its inner truthfulness only if it convinces that it is more, and not less, meaningful than the barren transitoriness of the present. Putting it bluntly, some sort of a lesson must have been learnt, and there must be at least an indication what this lesson is. In *Heliopolis*, which is not an allegory like *On the Marble Cliffs*, open to varying interpretations, but a clear-cut design for future living permitting no interpretation at all, Juenger says a great deal more than he knows, which is only right, but fails to compel his reader to accept more than he can verify from his own dreams, which is all wrong. His Utopian City-state Heliopolis is less meaningful than the meaningless present with which its creator is impatient and dissastisfied, and the reason for this is that, in contrast to Orwell, Jens, and Kasack, it is not conceived in human terms.

This is, it seems, a decisive point. Even where they go to the most extreme and exaggerated lengths of showing the transmutation of the human species under Utopian conditions, these other writers always allow their shadowy, grotesque, perverted beings to preserve a faint likeness with our present selves. Even their most unbelievable, nightmarish thoughts and actions ring a faint bell in our own souls; we are made conscious that we are potentially in them, and they in us. Juenger ignores this prerequisite, and this accounts for the sterility of his vision which no amount of brilliance of writing, of which there is a great deal in this book, can ultimately balance. This book, not unlike Kasack's, bathed in shrill, pitiless sunlight, rings no bell, however faint.

The highly-polished, almost glassily smooth story takes place during an interregnum between the collapse of the First World Empire and the emergence of the Second. It is a world which is controlled down to the last technical detail. There are space ships, flying tanks, a kind of super-telephone called 'phonophor' which serves

also as an identity card and a badge of rank, as well as numberless other gadgets, some of them designed for near-metaphysical purposes. But the human mind is not yet fully adapted to make sovereign use of these instruments of cosmic rulership. Humanity, although living in a flowering world of Mediterranean beauty and plenty, remains divided into factions which the author sees as a military aristocracy on the one hand, and what he calls a 'plebiscitarian tyranny', or what we would call a parliamentary democracy, on the other. The latter is constantly disturbing the high-flown, religiously flavoured designs of the former, and a violent clash ensues.

The trouble with this vision is not only that it is not rooted somewhere, somehow, in the world as we know it, and progresses from it, however far, into the uncontrollable, as a meaningful Utopia must do. It is not only that we cannot feel that this isn't the way the world is going or is likely to go, and that therefore we remain but faintly interested. All this weighs heavily against the 'inner truthfulness' of this vision which, amongst other things and in contrast to the other authors mentioned, accepts war and strife as an inalienable human condition and does not conceive it as something that eventually must consume itself. There is something else. It is that Juenger's imagination does not create, as does Orwell's or Kasack's, from the fullness of living possibilities, but works out its highly intricate patterns on a black-board. His fantasy is dominated by calculation, and this in a sense prevents him from 'saying more than he knows' and reduces his poetic credibility. He is, moreover, incapable of comprehending human relations, whether in single individuals or in groups, in terms other than those of a highly-refined military manœuvre, and the inevitable result is that the 'love story' which in Orwell's book is an essential element of its 'inner truthfulness', and which in the books by Jens and Kasack drives the drama of the human dilemma towards a desperate, searing climax, becomes brittle, preposterous, and in the end altogether ludicrous. Jeunger's vision neither frightens nor delights; it neither warns nor instructs; it bores.

THE LOST BADGES

It seems a pity that a writer of such outstanding gifts as Ernst Juenger should have failed to seize the 'advantage of the defeated'. There were passages in his voluminous war diaries, *Strahlungen*, which seemed to indicate that he had certainly perceived it; one felt that he had not only understood the nature of the catastrophe but also used this understanding to free himself from the shackles of outworn preconceived German ideas, and was thinking boldly, and with stimulating fearlessness, in new directions. *Heliopolis*, however, makes one doubt whether he has in fact accepted the defeat, materially and spiritually, which in *Strahlungen* seemed inescapable, and whether he sees an advantage in it. Fundamentally a series of variations on the theme of military discipline in human relations, for which his conception of the *élite* as against the plebeian masses provides the *leitmotiv*, his Utopian vision, springing from arrogance and not from humility, reduces itself to an assertion of the disadvantages of the would-have-been victorious. With a shock one realises that the wheel has come full circle, and that the author of the *Marble Cliffs* is burrowing away with the rest in the sand after their lost badges.

A Short Story

THE UPPER HAND

F. L. GREEN

EVERYBODY in the hospital had heard of Bollington, the Trade Union official who was a patient in Ward 6, and who thwarted the authority of nurses, the Ward Sister, the doctors and the Matron. Like most legends, the one which attached to him was composed more of fiction than of fact, and was considerably larger than anything which represented the truth regarding him. For that reason, it was dangerous. Nothing could be done to dissolve it. The junior nurses and the probationers whispered fresh information about him amongst themselves. So did the cleaners. And snatches of these remarks were overheard by patients in all the wards, and confirmed by Bollington's fellow patients in Ward 6 who saw and heard for themselves with what impudence, assurance or indifference he treated the staff.

Merely by his presence in the ward, he took to himself a kind of authority which the staff found difficult to combat. It was futile to admonish him or to threaten him with reprimands. He met it all with a peculiar candour, a smile, or a frown, news of which spread swiftly about the big hospital, together with the cigarettes, tobacco, fruit, flowers, and magazines which his friends lavished upon him and which he distributed. Famous local politicians sent telegrams to him or visited him, and something of their importance soon enveloped him, so that even without his legend, he would still have been a novelty.

Thirty-five, single, poorly educated but particularly well-informed on many subjects and possessed by an insatiable desire for knowledge, he looked a hard, resolute fellow, shrewd and alert. Listening to his ready tongue, one knew that here was the born orator not yet matured, with the ingredients of a remarkable destiny dormant in his character but slowly shaping themselves with the advance of his years. What he lacked was discipline over himself. He was too voluble, too direct and

uncompromising. He yielded to none. The highest and the lowest members of the staff could not defeat him. All had grown tired of attempting to persuade or awe him into submission. He either laughed softly or stared angrily at them.

'All right!' he exclaimed. 'Send me home. I wouldn't mind. Anything for a change!'

He knew that they could not eject him, for he was the special patient of the senior honorary surgeon to the hospital. Bollington had a rare cancer of a nerve in the left arm and was receiving therapeutical treatment. And about thrice a week the eminent specialist visited him, examined charts and reports, and chatted intimately with Bollington.

These two men had much in common: courage; an eager outlook; a similar temperament. The surgeon was enhancing his reputation by publishing a series of professional essays regarding Bollington's complaint; while, simultaneously, the patient was snatching to himself a little of that repute. The fact that so eminent a surgeon was professionally interested to such an extent in him provided Bollington with a pivot upon which to develop his own forthright personality and character. He scorned what he believed to be outmoded regulations, petty rules, indignities, insufferable traditions. He was a Socialist, a democrat, determined to abolish hospital rules and admit democracy to that institution.

What could be done with this patient? Conventions, respect for authority, simply melted under his laughter. Yet, left to himself, he was a jewel, a sharp-edged, useful tool. He hurried about the ward in his shabby dressing-gown early in the mornings, helping the overworked night nurse to wash the other patients and serve breakfast. He made tea in the ward kitchen. He boiled the eggs. He served as only an intelligent, able man knew how to do. The routine of the ward was soon comprehended by this tubby, active man who bossed obstreperous patients like a tyrant and who soothed the sufferers. Nothing baffled him. Trotting about with basins and towels, setting up screens around the beds, he had an air of authority which, if other patients opposed or thwarted it, resulted in a loss of the innumerable gifts which he dispensed so liberally.

Because, for many years, he had been accustomed to official details, he helped the young house-surgeons and the sisters through all manner of clerical difficulties; but in the same spirit he contacted the porters and boilermen and urged them to join a Trade Union and protect themselves from what he called 'exploitation and injustices'. During visiting hours, one of the porters came to the ward to see him.

'Now look, here,' Bollington said. 'You must consolidate and unite with other workers. Understand?'

Within a fortnight, the entire porter's staff demanded higher wages. The Hospital Committee met to consider the situation. The demand was granted at once, but there remained on the agenda the question of Bollington. Throughout the spring and summer it appeared regularly, and was as regularly deferred, as though the advancing season would itself solve it.

Quite suddenly, and as everyone had hoped, the solution seemed imminent, for the famous surgeon who was personally attending to Bollington resigned his honorary appointment and departed to a higher sphere of his profession, after passing Bollington and some other patients to the care of a clever young colleague. The moment was a decisive one. It robbed Bollington of half of his legendary importance and left him deserted. He confronted the new specialist with a frown and a penetrating stare.

'So the ball has come to you,' he said, looking the doctor up and down. Then he slapped him lightly on the arm with the back of his hand, and grinned up at him.

'I saw you play at Wembley, and at Ravenhill Park, and I was at Murrayfield to see you in your last match,' he said, enthusiastically. For the next ten minutes the pair of them discussed the game, and within twenty minutes Bollington had won a new ally.

The staff sighed. In silence, Bollington was wheeled from the ward and out to the lift in the corridor. He grinned

triumphantly at Sister and the nurses, then the lift doors closed and down he went to the Therapy and X-Ray Department for treatment. The new specialist was already there, chatting with the Sister of that Department. He stayed for no longer than a minute, leaving Sister Trenting to deal with the patient.

Bollington had always regarded her as an enemy. He saw in her smooth, austere features something which he could not understand, and he was faintly disturbed by it. He was rude to her, and sometimes exasperated by her detached air.

'Be human, can't you?' he used to complain, sourly. 'You treat me as if I were a pauper! Why do you look down your nose at me?'

She gave him a swift glance with her brown eyes and smiled slightly, as though she were amused by his temperament. Then she settled him prone on the table and began to arrange the intricate instruments above his arm. She was a small, rather dainty woman of about thirty-seven, with a precise air and an aloof expression. His taunts, his bursts of anger and his insults never seemed to reach her. He feared her because he could not understand her character which was distinctive and wise, but too subtle for him to appreciate.

Whenever he had been discussed in the dining-hall of the nurses' home, she had always laughed gaily at what was related of him.

'You are lucky,' the other Sisters said. 'You have to put up with him for only three hours a week. Doesn't he annoy you?'

'He's very amusing,' she said.

'It's no fun for us,' they said. 'So just hurry up and cure him, please!'

She wondered often why they failed to understand him, for to her he stood forth amongst other men as someone with considerable gifts of character and personality. He was a Socialist, and that pleased her because she, too, was an ardent Socialist; but even without his political faith she would still have admired him. He had courage, and a forceful will, and the ability to think reasonably and with conviction. He made his way by a crude logic of his own. He seemed to her to be a man of great promise, perhaps of destiny; and his faults, like his talents, were obvious to her and aroused a kind of pity in her, lest he would never realise them.

He lacked the discipline which a good education would have granted his character. He could never acquire it of his own volition, but a friend or wife with the ability to understand him could bring that element into his life and perhaps shape his destiny aptly. And of that, too, she often thought.

When the new specialist had arrived, he had discussed with her the treatment which Bollington had been given. Sister Trenting was qualified to express an expert opinion, and now that it was invited, she did not hesitate to offer it. To her satisfaction, the specialist agreed with it.

The new course of treatment was quickly noticed by Bollington. He bridled at once.

'Now what are you up to? You're going the wrong way about it!'

She smiled vividly down at him. For the first time, he was aware of her as a handsome woman of character and spirit.

'Don't worry,' she said, pleasantly. 'I'm going the right way with you, Mr. Bollington.'

He stared quizzically at her. He momentarily forgot about himself and his disease. Instead, he was thinking of her: how she would appear dressed as other women and not in the uniform which rendered all the nurses and Sisters so much alike; what sort of woman she was; who were her friends; what were her politics and ideas.

'Are you quite sure?' he murmured, still lost in his thoughts.

'I should know best, don't you think?' she said, pausing and looking down at him.

Her retort seemed to him to possess a subtle implication with which his alert mind instantly groped.

'What do you know?' he said, brusquely.

'Don't beat about the bush!'

'I know that you'll never see your way ahead clearly until you take somebody's advice now and then. You're a clever man . . .'

'I know that. What else? And no flattery, please.'

'You lack self-discipline. You're stubborn when you ought to yield, and reckless when you should be cautious.'

'I didn't think you knew so much about me,' he said, sarcastically.

'Are you ambitious?' she said, seriously.

'I suppose I am,' he admitted. 'I've had to fight my way since I was twelve . . .'

'You'll go a long way yet,' she said, 'but not half as far as you might do if you sometimes took a little advice.'

He was silent. His hard, keen gaze followed her because for the first time in many months she had addressed him intimately and treated him as an individual. Then he chuckled.

'I wouldn't know how to,' he confessed.

'It would be easy enough. All you need to do is to find a woman who understands you,' she said, busy with the instruments.

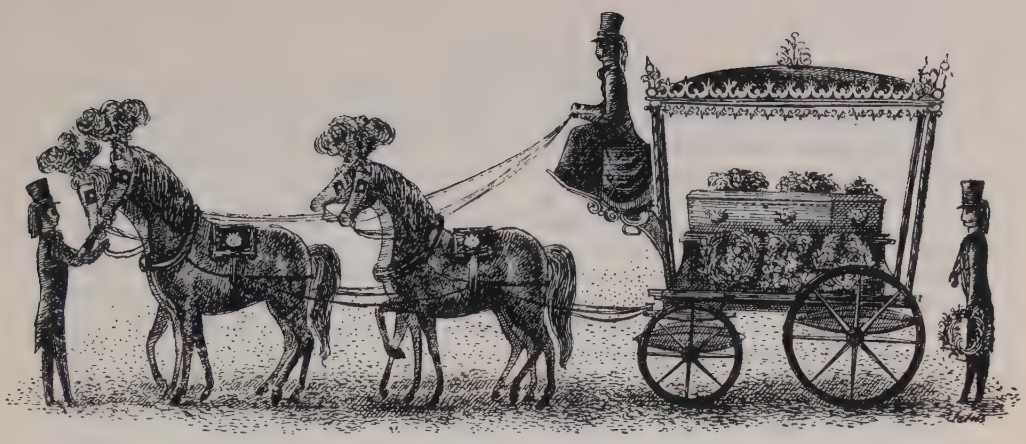
After that, he had no rejoinder. He was eventually wheeled back to the ward, where, for the rest of the afternoon, he was so silent and pensive that when the Sister and nurses spoke to him, he either obeyed instantly or stared at them with a meek expression. He was transformed, and appeared lost in uneasy thought.

And after a day or two, it gradually occurred to the staff that he had amended his behaviour. His blustering fits of self-assertion were ended, and he had somehow changed his character and rendered himself a different individual: shrewd, attractive, no longer self-centred. Quite a reasonable, forceful personality.

It was like a miracle. The staff was pleased because he was no longer tiresome or officious. His legend dwindled with the passage of the days, so that when the specialist declared him to be completely cured, it was as though legend and disease were synonymous. When Bollington said good-bye to the Sister and the nurses, all of them wondered what it was that had transformed this man from a thrustful, rude personality into a brisk, attractive character. Who had worked the miracle? What had truly happened to him?

Within a month, he was almost forgotten in the hospital—until his legend resumed, this time with renewed wonder amongst the entire staff, from the senior surgeon to the most junior probationer nurse. Bollington was going to marry. He was engaged to Sister Trenting who had resigned her appointment a week previously. Trenting, the enigmatical, the fastidious, the detached!

It seemed such a peculiar match: this distinctive, rather aloof woman, and the brusque, forthright, almost crude man. Nobody could fathom it or discover romance or affinity of temperament in it. Nobody appreciated the attractiveness of Bollington's particular destiny in his particular sphere, or the ambition of Sister Trenting to influence that destiny. The only opinion which was current was that she had got the upper hand of Bollington. Or was it that he had got the upper hand of her?



THE FUNERAL

MORRIS COX

It was the fear of giving way to an outburst of temper at such a time that held Mrs. Royston in check, lest it should betray her. Not that she would have admitted any guilt. The young man had died in a tragic accident: he had been sleeping in a moored boat which had somehow come adrift and taken him over the Fall. She could hardly be responsible for that. The trouble was that she was not his mother. She was the second Mrs. Royston, rather frustrated and not a little bewildered by recent circumstances and events in her life.

Her maid was hooking her bodice while she stood by her dressing-table. Without warning, Mrs. Royston gave a wail and dropped into a chair, burying her face in her hands. The table rocked and several bottles fell over. The maid picked them up before venturing to console her mistress, who then forestalled her as she whispered brokenly, 'My hair . . . my hair . . . you have done it much too tightly!'

Mr. Royston had another son, very different in character from Hillian, the deceased. Hillian was gentle and considerate, but Rudolph was surly and rough. Knowing she was safe with Hillian, Mrs. Royston had been the more often in his company, yet despite her fear of Rudolph she was, perhaps, the more fond of him. Only yesterday . . . But there was no time to think of that now. With an effort she pulled herself together and stood up again while the maid resumed her concentration on the brass hooks and eyes. Poor Hillian lay already in his elm shell and outer lead coffin, comfortable on his tufted mattress and pillow which was lined and ruffled with superfine cambric: and his cambric winding-sheet was beautifully worked.

At nine o'clock the hearse and four coal-black horses arrived, followed by two mourning coaches and fours with their magnificent esquire's plumes and twenty-three black plumes of ostrich feathers softly nodding. The undertaker's men dismounted and were taken into the kitchen quarters and given coffee and sandwiches. After a brief exchange of greetings and expressions of sympathy, Mr. and Mrs. Royston and the guests took their last look at the corpse: so tastefully laid out, so pale, like alabaster, that dear face with its clean, fair hair. Miss Macrian, the housekeeper, sister of the first Mrs. Royston, had served the young man devotedly since his earliest years. As she now regarded that cold, bloodless face, a long chain of frustration and bitter memory dragged at her vitals and entangled her throat. Mrs. Royston, however, tended to grow calmer as she beheld the older woman's distress. The atmosphere of that room slightly disgusted her,

as though some mad domestic had laid out a litter of kitchen garbage on the carpeted floor, excusing himself solely on the grounds of its formal arrangement.

Returning from their refreshment, two of the undertaker's men set to work and closed the coffin, soldering on the lid with its beautifully engraved inscription-plate. When the corpse eventually left the house on the shoulders of the bearers, it was complete in its massive oak case panelled with best brass nails and four pairs of brass handles and grips and lid ornaments. Covered with a pall of crimson velvet, this made a magnificent appearance.

The drive was now full of shadowy, slow-moving people: the attendant with black silk hatband, two mutes with black hatbands and gloves, fourteen footmen, pages, feather-men and coachmen with their truncheons, wands and other paraphernalia . . .

The coffin was pushed gently into the hearse and shut in . . .

Mr. Royston had provided crape, scarves, hatbands and gloves for the visitors, who now took their places in the rear coach. Presently Mr. Royston in his five-inch hatband, Mrs. Royston wearing plain, lustreless silk, trimmed with crape, Rudolph, her remaining step-son, Miss Macrian and her brother, and Newcome Ellis, the family doctor, came out and entered the leading coach.

The sun was shining brightly and the day promised to be rather hot. The horses in their velvet covers tossed their plumed heads, champed their bright bits and pawed the gravel. A fine white foam clung about their black muzzles and now and again a soft, crisp flake fell gently to the ground. Soon everyone was in position and the procession moved off at a slow pace. As it left the drive, servants within the house began to raise the blinds.

The carriage rocked as it turned on to the slope of the road. Mrs. Royston found herself sitting almost opposite to her step-son, Rudolph. At last she began to feel sufficiently safe behind her black veil, and with her husband and relatives so near, to venture the recollection of any thoughts she pleased. One would never have known, to look at Rudolph, that barely four years separated her age from his! It was not her fault that she, an orphan, had become first the ward and then the wife of her father's dearest friend. She was not to blame if her husband, old enough to be her father, had been naïve enough to ask her to mother his two sons, almost her own age! Certainly, the behaviour of the young men had been faultless enough, that of the deceased Hillian in particular. Until last night . . . or had it been a dream ?

Mrs. Royston lifted her eyes to Rudolph as if for verification, but he did not see her look. Could he be the same person who had discovered her alone in her favourite spot by the ruined abbey as the sun went down in a blaze behind the broken east window? At first she had been ready to hasten home, but then (smiling inwardly at the recollection) had come the strained, stilted periods of their opening words: 'Rudy, is it not a beautiful evening?'—'Indeed, yes.'—'Already the moon is visible. She revolves round the earth in an elliptical orbit and likewise accompanies the earth in its elliptical orbit round the sun: and by this compound motion her path is everywhere concave to the sun.'—'Indeed, yes. The moon, like the planets, is an opaque body and shines entirely by the light received from the sun, a portion of which is reflected to the earth!' And so it went on for a while behind an armour of words that could not be maintained for long. 'I believe that we understand each other, Rudy. Your father thinks me a child and that irks me a little. But with you it is different.' Rudolph, who found difficulty in expressing his own feelings in words, put out his hand to take hers, but hesitated as she went on: 'We have sustained a great loss.' She was staring into the heart of the sunset, through the broken abbey window, when she added, 'And your father, who believes you to be the greatest sufferer, assures me that I am the only one who can comfort you!'

As Mrs. Royston sat stiffly in the carriage behind her veil, she carefully played that scene all over again. They were moving faster now, the iron tyres grinding the grit of the road . . . but as she stood beside Rudolph, staring beyond him into the scarlet sunset, a small moth rose up from

the ground and hovered by her cheek in a pale whirr of silence. 'You know, Rudy,' she said, 'on that fatal day I had an appointment with Hillian at the boat-house?'—'Yes, I heard that you were out at the time. You were said to have witnessed the accident.'—'Indeed, I saw it all clearly. Hillian was lying asleep in the boat which was gliding slowly towards the Fall.' Rudolph was staring hard at her, but she was not looking at him. There was a faint smile on her mouth as she regarded several moths fluttering below them in the valley while she commented, 'Moths are so quiet, and the feathers of owls are so soft and noiseless in flight, and the little rodents that go by night make no sound and betray no secrets!' Rudolph, who saw the armour returning, grasped her quickly by the hand. 'Tell me,' he said, 'did you speak the truth when you inferred that you had not reached the rendezvous when you saw the boat adrift by the Fall?' For a moment she did not reply. She looked him fully in the eyes before asking 'Do you really want me to answer that question?' He could not meet her gaze. His fingers were trembling around hers. In the silence she released her hand from his and turned and began to walk away. As he followed her, he took out his handkerchief and dabbed at a small eruption on his cheek that had started to exude a little pus. 'Dear Nelly,' he said lamely, perhaps hypocritically, 'the loss of my brother would be unbearable to me but for your comfort and understanding.'

In the carriage, Mrs. Royston again looked towards Rudolph. Her face did not betray anything of what she was thinking. He did not catch her eye. Had she dreamed what happened next? For as she had begun to stride quickly home in the evening light, confident in her power over him, she had suddenly halted with a startled scream, as an adder uncoiled at her feet. The reptile lifted its fat head rather sleepily, its bands of bright colour flashing, and gave a little hiss as it turned to make off. Rudolph, however, was beside her in an instant, his arms about her, while, with uncalled-for impetuosity, he drove at the reptile with his iron-shod heel. The adder instantly swung out and struck: but his gaiters saved Rudolph from what would have been a venomous bite. Persisting in his efforts, he eventually got the adder's head under his heel, which he ground viciously into the dust. Panting and beside himself with what seemed to her unwarranted satisfaction, he had not noticed (although Mrs. Royston had) that the adder was pregnant with young. The slender body remained coiled about his leg, lashing in convulsive agony, but unheeded, as he held his youthful stepmother in his arms, now drawing her closer to him and bending over her and kissing her again and again on her slightly open mouth. Helpless in his powerful arms, her parasol fallen from her grasp: a spider running across the path to give the alarm: a bramble clutching his homespun jacket with its curved thorns and holding on, shrilling for help: . . . Mrs. Royston at length disengaged herself and struck Rudolph hard on the face with her open hand . . . or did she scream vainly at him to release her . . . or did she ask him, quite calmly, what it meant . . . or did she turn her mind into an infinitude of space and wait, limp like a dead thing, for him to slake his passion and let her go? . . .

More than ever now, Mrs. Royston could not be quite sure. Just then the church bell was heard tolling in the distance. And Rudolph's thoughts, at that moment, were far from Mrs. Royston's. The bell reminded him of his first day at Oxford. In his anxiety he had risen far too early in the morning, long before the bell had begun to 'swear'. Now he sat rigidly in the carriage with all the freshman's uncertainty renewed in him. But, he thought, (and he looked across at his stepmother with just a hint of a smile at the corners of his mouth) there is plenty of time, Rudolph: years and years and years! . . .

And Mrs. Royston was thinking—He did not appear to see the ground alive with little adders that suddenly broke out of their mother's belly, (not helpless creatures as I would have expected, for they wriggled quickly for cover in the grass and between the stones . . .). But if only I dreamt that scene, Rudy will think it most unkind of me not to look at him a little and reassure him, and he so grieved at the loss of his brother, too! . . . Something between a laugh and a sob drew her knuckles to her mouth and her hot eyes filled again

with tears. Nobody took any notice. Tired of her own thoughts now, she transferred her attention to Miss Macrian, who sat directly opposite to her. Miss Macrian did not reveal the slightest chink in the metallic, black shell she had built around herself. She sat up stiff and straight, without a creak: no movement perceptible in her except the faint oscillation of a small feather in her bonnet. Her black-gloved hands were clasped among the folds of her black bombazine skirt: though she was aware, for all her aloofness, that her thigh was laid affectionately on the seat beside that of her brother James. She had not seen her brother for some years and it had been a pity to plunge him into such misery almost immediately after his return home from abroad. James Macrian had a round, high-coloured face and small, fleshy lips, his rather thin hair being parted in the middle and glinting with macassar oil. He wore a tight collar, a large black cravat and a solemn expression on his face that looked almost comically out of character. He pricked his little pointed eyes sidelong towards Rudolph, who was thinking, as he only half returned the stare, that James Macrian seemed a regular fellow and not half so simple as he pretended to be. He must get to know him better.

The carriage wheels continued to bite and crunch the gritty road, the horses' hooves clopped sharply in the dust, the church bell tolled rather louder . . . Then Rudolph saw himself striding down Oriel Street, Oxford, by Hillian's side: past Corpus, past Merton Church and into Christchurch Broad Walk. There, with several friends, they got out a boat from Salter's and rowed to Iffley. But it was incredible, the way Hillian laughed and discussed tailor's duns without betraying any sign that later on he was going to drown . . .

And Mrs. Royston was wondering whether Dr. Ellis could see her clearly from his position. Without turning her head, she could only see his black-gloved hands spread out on his short, podgy knees. She was in some fear of his bushy, red whiskers and rather baggy eyes . . . Rudolph, however, was still thinking of Oxford. He was playing loo with Hillian and some friends at Magdalen, smoking cigars and drinking. Quite a lot of money changed hands during the evening behind the curtains in the lamplight, and several times Hillian gave Rudolph a curious look: once he inadvertently dropped his cigar out of his mouth and burned a hole in the leg of his flannel trousers. But there was no telling how much he suspected of his impending death. . .

The procession now approached the church, where the priest and his clerks stood quietly waiting by the lych-gate with one or two angels to receive the corpse. Slowly, in dignified manner, they entered the churchyard, while the priest led the way, chanting, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die . . .'

Rudolph's knees felt scarcely able to support him as he left the carriage. A horror of entering the church took hold of him. Despite the heat of the day, he began to shiver, and as they entered the holy precincts, his limbs were trembling and sweat lay on his cold forehead and pinched, white nose. As he took his place in the pew beside his father and step-mother, he was afraid that his palsied limbs would be noticed. Two psalms were read: Rudolph felt that one would have been enough. The lesson which followed seemed interminable. Warm lights poured into the cool church through the stained-glass windows. Half hypnotically, the priest droned on. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'

Mrs. Royston fancied herself possessed of a long, attenuated arm, and in attempting to follow its distant groping, found herself by the river. But in spite of her long arm, she could not prevent the boat in which Hillian lay from slipping over the Fall. *Too late*! she cried into the hollow of her own skull. She began to rock a little and Dr. Ellis gave her a quick look. Her lips moved and she buried her face in her hands. Nobody heard her pitiful crying, 'Why should drowning be so important? Why should a little thing like going over a Fall be so terribly decisive? Why are we all so determined to grieve?'

Dr. Ellis might well have been asking the same questions as he sat trying to counteract in himself what he considered to be quite superfluous emotion. To take his mind off the distressing scene, he was trying to work out some form of resuscitation apparatus that would be an improvement on the method of Marshall Hall, which merely consisted of holding the patient upside down to drain the water out and then turning him on his side to compress the thorax . . . Moreover, black was the wrong colour for a hot day like this (the heat was absorbed), and it was not easy, under such conditions, to observe his favourite rule of keeping the head cool, the tongue clean and the feet warm . . . As Dr. Ellis had entered the church, he remembered that he had seen Will Fergusson who had previously complained of diarrhoea. The doctor did not believe in chalk mixture but had recommended a dose of castor oil to carry off the cause of the offence. The doctor was wondering whether this treatment had proved efficacious; but if not, he would recommend the following draught: five drops laudanum, five drops diluted sulphuric acid, fifteen drops essence Jamaica ginger, one tablespoon brandy, to be taken in wineglass water. The priest was speaking. 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.'

Rudolph was sighing involuntarily, but trying hard not to attract attention . . . he had rowed so many times on the Isis and eaten so many Banbury cakes. But it was Hillian who had rowed in the Balliol Eight and helped win the Torpid and the coveted 'Head of the River' two years running. Hillian had a lady friend, too, whom he found a seat on the college barge. Hillian had been rather flushed and confused when he asked Rudolph to sit beside his lady friend and entertain her. But still Hillian gave no sign of impending death . . . The priest stood in his black scarf and gloves with which Mr. Royston had presented him. 'Thou fool,' he said, 'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.'

Rudolph's pulse was now beating feebly, though it ran ever faster to try and catch up with the demands of his body . . . and Rudolph was wondering what to say to the young lady Hillian had left in his charge. Rudolph felt awkward and shy, although he would have welcomed the opportunity to have had the young lady alone and so taken her in his arms and kissed her. The young lady wanted to know how the Eights were run, and while Rudolph explained, the poet Herrick was showing him how best to fondle her and sweetly disorder her dress without the need for carnal intercourse. With his mind thus divided, Rudolph endeavoured to make it clear to the young lady that as there was insufficient room on the river for two boats abreast, the custom was to row one behind the other . . . But the priest was droning on and on, patiently expounding certain differences in the make-up of things, rather as follows: The flesh of man was not the same flesh as that of birds and fishes: the glory of the sun was not the same glory as that of the moon, and the glory of one star was not the same glory as that of another star . . . The doctor gave a little cough: the Scriptures were rather unscientific, of course. A corpse, according to the priest, is sown a natural body, but it is raised a spiritual body. One day someone was going to blow a trump. It was going to be the last trump ever to blow: but when it did blow, all the corruptible would rise, but not corruptible any more. The corruptible would have by this time put on incorruptibility, and the mortal immortality. But the doctor never could quite get this clear. In any case, his cogitation was interrupted by Rudolph, who suddenly pitched forward out of the young lady's arms and fell face downwards on the deck of the barge with his brain blacked out. Here the young lady took Rudolph's head between her knees while the poet Herrick explained the situation to the doctor; and Rudolph distinctly heard the lap of water against the side of the barge as he was carried into the vestry for treatment.

The priest, however, had no attention but for the lesson. 'O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God . . .' etc.

The party next stood by the open vault

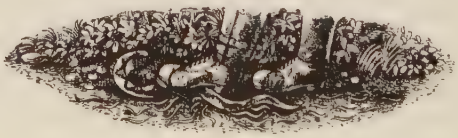
and Mr. Royston's mask fell a little to one side, revealing beneath its self-effacing, characterless expression, something of the fearful gloom beneath. He knew that one day he must himself descend those same stone steps, and the tears welled in his eyes and dropped silently down his cheeks while he thought: At the first opportunity I must take Nelly away from all this . . . The priest was intoning, 'In the midst of life we are in death, of whom', etc. . . . The Isle of Wight would be the best place: happy associations: where we spent our honeymoon. . . He wanted very much to take his wife's hand just then, but he couldn't know that she was worried and annoyed because Rudolph had fainted and not she. He appeared to be in a bad state of nerves, she thought, meaning Rudolph, and supposing she had rather exaggerated what he had done to her last night, he need not have fainted, as if to spite her . . .

As the coffin was lowered into the vault, Miss Macrian began to sob: gently at first (she was pressing her clenched hands against her tight bosom) but then more loudly, until her stifled cries became most distressing to hear. Miss Macrian, although she had no proof, was certain that the young man had not been drowned accidentally. Her belief was that somebody had released the painter while Hillian slept in the boat and allowed him to drift to his death over the Fall . . . The priest was chanting, 'Lord have mercy on us.' And Miss Macrian was burying the child of her sister, the late Mrs. Royston. Her fantasies over the years were now for her almost realities as though she herself had given birth to Hillian; but all her subsequent devotion to him and duty to her departed sister had been in vain! She broke down in earnest, the blind intensity of her emotion impervious to all pity as it tore and flapped hideously its tattered billows of misery . . . while anyone with clairvoyant sight might have observed the wraith of Hillian gazing down at Rudolph as he lay on a bench in the vestry. And Rudolph might have been seen struggling in vain to rise out of his flesh and appeal to Hillian, who made no sign, but looked on with love and pity in his wide, shadowy eyes. Meanwhile Dr. Ellis, who had loosened the young man's collar and sprinkled his face with water, was chafing his limbs. And the priest was saying, 'Through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen.'

A cold miasma ascended from the vault. The party had borne the strain of emotion for so long, they were already edging towards the doors: instead of which everybody was listening patiently to the Collect. Miss Macrian was thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth in the endeavour to stifle her sobs. James Macrian, hot and embarrassed, wished he had never come and was praying for it all to end. Mr. Royston felt that if he did not soon get away from that gaping hole, he would involuntarily drop into it himself. But the priest was at last concluding. 'The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.'

The bell gave another short peal. The service was over. A great, almost inaudible sigh enveloped the church, and someone ran hard to freedom and the cool air with a hand on his belly: instead of which the congregation walked slowly out of the church, solemn and dignified, and threaded their way through the groups of people standing there, all slightly murmuring in the quiet sunshine.

As Mr. and Mrs. Royston reached their carriage, they saw a robin alight on the rear wheel with a leaf in its beak, and regard them inquiringly. Mr. Royston, as though answering an unspoken question, shook his head and pointed disconsolately towards the churchyard with his black-gloved hand. The robin flew away.



WAY OF ESCAPE

TERENCE WATSON

THE prisoner was jailed when he was very young.

In those days his spirit had been upheld by hopes of a free pardon, of remission of sentence or of rescue from outside. It had seemed to him that one at least of these must be inevitable.

In consequence he was usually cheerful. Indeed, he appeared to be reconciled to prison life. He was pointed out to visitors as a model prisoner. He showed both patience and optimism.

It was only after long and embittering experience that the realisation hardened in his mind that he had been condemned to an irreducible life sentence.

When this became clear to him, he considered the situation and came to the conclusion that there were two mutually exclusive main patterns to which he could profitably fashion his future activities. The first was to work for some means of escape; the other was to devise some kind of alliance with the jailer.

If he chose the latter alternative, he imagined that he would have to be able to look at things in much the same way as the jailer did. He would make himself useful to the jailer, eventually take a large part in helping him run the prison, being granted considerable privileges in consequence, and he would expect one day perhaps to be taken on as a jailer himself.

This course of action depended for its success mainly on the assumption of a fundamental similarity between the prisoner's and the jailer's attitude to life. If it were otherwise, the arrangement would only arouse friction and discontent.

After some thought the prisoner dismissed this plan, not only because he decided that he was in fundamental disagreement with the jailer but also because he had a suspicion that the plan seemed attractive because of its comparative safety. He felt that he might be unconsciously fighting shy of the possible consequences of an attempted jail-break. He

therefore argued that his own moral integrity at least would be better maintained if he faced up to the dangers of an escape.

Another factor strengthened his resolve. He found that it became difficult to continue a habit he had formed of assisting in various ways other prisoners with whom he came into contact, when they suspected he was playing with the idea of allying himself with the jailer. This disturbed him profoundly. He felt that he would much rather escape and leave the other prisoners altogether than remain and help to add weight to the jailer's authority.

For example, upon one occasion, through a tentative effort to maintain loyalty to the jailer, he was the unwilling cause of serious injury to another prisoner. Such an experience tormented his conscience. It made him even more impatient of the whole prison system.

This incident, in addition, helped him to realise that he could not identify his personal ethics with the jailer's.

Finding then no practical or moral argument of sufficient weight to justify an alliance, the prisoner set his mind to the problem of escape.

While taking exercise around the prison, he had discovered four paths, each of which appeared to lead away from the prison grounds. He explored each of these in turn but in the end found out that they were of little use. They gave an initial impression of leading to freedom, but eventually led back into the prison. It seemed as though the paths were deliberately arranged to occupy the prisoners' time, and were in effect cunningly devised systems of parole.

As a matter of fact, it would have been possible to escape by one of these paths, for in places the walls were low. Such an escape, however, would have given the prisoner little satisfaction, for whatever the outcome of the pathways, they would have led to a breaking of parole or an apparent extension of parole. So at least it seemed to the prisoner.

Certain other possibilities were even less satisfactory. The prisoner did not waste much time in consideration of them because the objections were so obvious.

For instance, he could have won the jailer's confidence and later on betrayed it in order to escape; he could have bribed the jailer or appealed to his pity.

He did not wish to put himself into a false position with regard to the jailer. He did not blame him in any way for conscientiously pursuing his office. He knew that the jailer carried out his duties in good faith. This made it nearly as difficult to defy the jailer's moral authority as to escape the physical restraint. The most satisfactory outcome would be to create a situation which would not prevent eventual justification in the jailer's eyes.

He was finally driven to the conclusion that the only valid solution to his problem was to make an undisguised jail-break. He would thus show the jailer that he was not ashamed of the act of breaking out.

Once more he was faced with two possible main alternative courses of action.

First, he considered frightening, locking up, or otherwise dominating the jailer. By so doing, he would to all intents and purposes usurp the jailer's function. If he were successful, he would be able to go to and from the prison as though it were his own property.

But there were several objections, apart from the likelihood of interference by higher authority. For example, the method would be completely satisfactory only if the prisoner thought that the jailer would eventually become reconciled to the situation. If it seemed as though he would not do so, and would become restive, or would himself rebel, a complicated and even worse situation might arise. There was also the moral objection that the prisoner did not desire to impose on someone else what he himself was seeking to escape.

The other alternative was to get clean away, thus removing himself from the jailer's responsibility altogether.

He could think of only one substantial objection to this kind of escape. It was that during the actual break-out, innocent persons, the jailer's family, for example, might get hurt, however much the prisoner desired to avoid it.

Particularly this would be liable to happen if, not realising that the affair was essentially one between the jailer and the

prisoner alone, such innocent persons unwisely (even though in good will) obtruded themselves upon the struggle which would probably take place.

The prisoner decided that as such injuries were by no means inevitable, and that since by taking care he could minimise their extent or even obviate their occurrence, he would be justified in taking the risk.

It is perhaps as well to add that the prisoner fully realised that there was an element of danger to himself if, for instance, the jailer resorted to extreme violence in order to restrain him. He surmised, however, that the jailer would be chary of going to such lengths, for if he hurt the prisoner seriously, he would have to nurse him for a long time, perhaps even for the rest of the prisoner's life. And if the prisoner did not survive the jailer, the jailer would be called to account.

The prisoner knew that survival was possible even in cases of severe injury. A sick prisoner, if he did not lose heart, might regain his health sufficiently to attempt escape once more, or even to survive the jailer. So there was room for hope, even if the jailer prevailed in the first struggle.

The prisoner also gave thought to his future condition and to the possible effects of his actions on his own personality.

He did not confuse the performance of the jail-break with any of his other likely activities in the future. For instance, he never contemplated using a similarly violent technique as a means of securing a living for himself.

Nor did he confuse his attitude to the jailer as an official with his feeling towards the jailer as a private individual. He was hostile to him only in his capacity as jailer. He imagined that he would probably have increased respect for him as a man when he no longer had to think of him as a jailer.

He knew that from the jailer's point of view both his escape and also his condition after the escape must inevitably seem completely irresponsible, simply because, away from the strict regime of the prison, he would apparently be absolutely free to adopt any course of action he liked.

It was true that so long as the jailer held any direct influence on the prisoner's actions, none of the prisoner's decisions could be essentially his own. So the jailer would tend to believe that the less his influence became, the more irresponsible the prisoner's actions would grow. Therefore, in a state of freedom, he would be completely irresponsible.

But the prisoner thought it must be plain to an impartial observer that an escaped prisoner would not necessarily reject out of hand the habits to which he had become accustomed in prison. Indeed, there was nothing to indicate that he would not become a jailer on his own account.

He understood that whatever the nature of his actions—whether they were ones which would have been approved of in prison or not—he would never be essentially responsible for them until he was clear of the prison altogether.

He had learned that he could not expect maximum responsibility without maximum freedom of choice.

What to him would appear supreme responsibility would undoubtedly appear to the jailer as utter irresponsibility. But only then would the will and body be free together. What finally made the prisoner take action was the realisation that various abnormal and unhealthy states were likely to arise unless he soon forestalled them.

There was the danger that he might lose all desire for freedom and become resigned to his lot. This might be interpreted as a reconciliation to his position, when in fact it would be a symptom of a mortal disease of the personality. Or his reason might become deranged as the captivity became longer and more unendurable. It might even happen that the jailer, by placing altogether too high a value on the retention of the prisoner and sensing his discontent, might become deranged himself.

The prisoner might begin to delude himself that he was free when he was really still in prison. Or although conscious still of his incarceration, he might obtain illusory satisfaction by dwelling on imaginary dreams of freedom, thereby losing all power to plan actual freedom or

even to cope with the details of his life in captivity.

When the prisoner had thus fully considered his position and fully made up his mind as to the time and method of his escape, he put his resolution into effect. The details of his escape are irrelevant here. It is sufficient to state that it was successful.

* * *

Some years afterwards, the escaped prisoner was travelling in a country far from the one in which his old prison lay, when he saw someone coming towards him along a lonely road. He did not immediately recognise that it was the jailer, for his memories of the prison had dimmed remarkably quickly. When he became aware who it was, his impulse was to avoid the encounter, for the jailer appeared as powerful as ever before.

But there was nowhere to turn aside, so to cover his temporary confusion he called out as the jailer approached, 'You cannot take me back. I am out of your power!'

'That is true,' answered the jailer. 'But nevertheless you appear to be under a misapprehension. You thought you effected your own freedom. What you do not know is that *your sentence expired long before you escaped.*'

The prisoner stared at the jailer in incredulous amazement.

'Then in heaven's name,' he finally demanded, 'why didn't you tell me that as soon as you found out?'

'I knew it from the very beginning,' the jailer replied.

THE DUCK-SHOOTING

GEORGE MOOR

There was no one in the street as they closed the door of the little house,
Among all the other little houses, set in two rows with the pavements before,
Even numbers on one side and odd on the other,
Looking strange and pathetic as the dark dawn-light numbly shone in the knockers
And dappled with rose and apple the windows, the curtains closed.
In the chilly silence, everywhere echoing,
He felt intimidated into a tiptoe.
But over the wall at the end of the street, on the railway tracks,
The bright rails led flashingly into unknown free land,
And in large strides his father's boots crunched the cinders with emphasis.
He too strode loudly and proudly. There were no neighbours now to awaken,
No mother to disapprove. She had opened one eye in bed,
Condemned the whole business as foolish: they would get wet and die and so spite her,
But too tired at that hour for more she crumbled asleep, swathed in bed like a mummy,
And dad had gratefully stretched this lack of opposition into consent.

From the lines they looked back, where Wigan lay beautiful,
A low plain of roofs and spires with the great honey-hued coolers rising like gigantic milk-bottles
As the dawn-sky frostily shone and melted a million colours,
Only one chimney wavering white smoke that trailed and thinned away to the moors
Seeming so near in the thin crystal light of the morning
As if the green and black hills of the Pennines had marched closer overnight.
Then they went on, and as they walked dad prepared and snapped the gun.

It was dead land. A mountain shaped like a cone rose in white ash
With a crater burning on top, and then came acres of rusty iron,
Great cans and machines tumbled abandoned as if belonging to no one.
And at last in the desolate derelict landscape
The greyblue flashes where the mines had sunken of old
And the earth was exhausted and sagging like a cake that has not come right.
But now the lonely waters lapped, and the bright green reeds rose stiffly around them,
Like marsh-lakes at the beginning of time where a great grey creature might move,
Its small head in the sun's disc and mighty tail in the water, heavily as if it knew its own doom.
Here they must wait, wading the water, his father crouching
As one to whom crouching is more common than sitting or standing
Like all miners. The boy growing cold, looking at the blank green sky,
Hearing in the stillness only the monotonous lapping of water.
He would have liked to sneeze, but the miner raised up his fist as if threatening to brain him,
With staring eyes that frightened by their intense absorbed watching,
Animal-alert, not the eyes of a man. Then the gun boomed.

With breath held at the beauty, the boy saw the wild things flying and crying,
Arrowing the fresh sky as they soared with weird wild cry,
Ringed iridescent blue and green, dark spiritual wailing forms
Rushing swift and passionate, in wild fierce fear clamouring,
As his heart yearned to be one with them in lonely places
That through the air he might go winging like a throb to the sun with them,
As the boy in the story became a white swan. Forever
He would remember this morning and the weird beauty of wildness be with him
Like a cry in the mind.

He could still hear them, as they took their way back,
Holding the dead awkward things with the loose rubber-like necks, unlovely,
Twisted and unlovely, like all things: the smoking factories, the crippled streets.
Their street too, as they came up it, seemed to have grown small and hateful.

JUSTICE AT MIDNIGHT

GEORGE BARKER

She comes across the sobbing years
O who will give her half a bed
The blind somnambulist who hears
Every word we have not said.

The clock walked down the corridor.
Pronounced imperative of sin,
The love, the murder, and the hour.
I heard the knock. Justice walked in.

Towering the far side of this table
Tall as the pregnant midnight she
Crossed the floor, stepped from a symbol
To bring a verdict home to me.

Outside the Newton window I hear
Those numbers whom the angels love
Go singing home. But I believe
The seraph guffaws in my ear.

(In the next room a bridal spring
Sends generation on its eternal
Quest for one more suffering
Soul to step in through my wall.)

Then at the ceremony of this hour
All seasick anarchies of conscience
Break out of the glass door of our
Impenetential ignorance.

Victims! They shriek across the seas
As the floor gives up its dead
And the bones clamouring in the cupboard
Burst out and kill with memories.

O tidal sailing ship that idly
Sleeps on a seeming summer day
The lightning of full circle wildly
Strikes from half a world away!

Groan, groan, long zanies in the floor.
I put you lovingly to sleep
And when you turned and called to me
I gave you seven souls to keep.

I gave you seven souls to keep
You frenzied corpses oversexed
Now underground I hear you weep
Till I surrender my self next.

The longarmed midnight gazes down.
Mercy the mad mother shall cry
As Justice, gathering up her own,
Watches the mad children die.

Midnight. O swan upon that lake
Where, done, all effort, daily, nightly,
Drowns into yesterday, let the heart break
Tomorrow as the dawn sings coldly.

But in their mother's bellies housed
The ambitious embryos, loud as frogs,
Yap for the bright world like dogs
The sleeper slaughters roused.

Now up and down this ticktocking room
These newborn broken images pace
And each one with its kiss-crossed face
Need never tell me why or whom.

I see the skidding dawn inscribe
My guilt shine on the morning sky
And every death looks up with dry
Tears into my drowning eye:

Justice I cry, and the white walls
Fall in, the skull caves, and stars drop
Out of their sets through the eyeballs
And all my hearts stop.

PENELOPE TO THE SUITORS

POLLY HILL

I

Sea-blue shroud, in out, always swaying, at night
undoing, unravelling, deceiving.
Knitted a nightful, I am slow, slower at weaving, unpulling,
slower than you think, you skunks, you.
You who pursue my beauty, should note instead my superiority.
I think I, you revel hearty parties only, forget yourselves
denying your heads.
Is that enjoyment?
Yes—perhaps.
Fools nothing else certainly, fools . . .
Nothing else certainly.

II

Web finished, stitches twisted, web-word-winding-
sheet, now it is well done (the shroud I mean), complete and I
(myself, Penelope), am ready to die.
The shroud is for Lord Laertes (a man
after my own heart), not for myself, none-
theless my torch-woven task is over, my satisfaction unbounded.
As you all know it is a sea-blue shroud and was done—
undone, for four years until the fraud was found
out. Lord Laertes is my father-in-law and
I love him though I do not see him often. He
cultivates a farm up the other end of the island.
In our community it is considered wrong for a woman
to overlook the weaving of a handsome shroud
for a near relation. I could not think of marrying
one of the suitors until I had completed my duty
to my dear-dead-lord-Odysseus. Now I am ready,
ready for low cunning, for what may come to me.

APOLOGIA FOR A ROMANTIC SATIRIST

JERÓME P. HANRATTY

Before the sticks were stowed in a stack,
Styles were commingled
Willingly;

When the torch was set to the twiggy tower,
The attitudes tightened
Singly;

During the blaze so brilliantly burning,
Beliefs were upscorched
Madly;

After the first five minute flare up,
The fire subsided
Meekly;

Now that the cinders show crust and corrosion,
Cracks are all calked up
Unwholly;

So he has to cut and carve at the bake,
To cast himself
Completely.

Built in the Brazilian city of Black Gold *by a community of immense wealth, intense piety, reckless extravagance and child-like innocence*

THE BAROQUE CHURCHES OF OURO PRETO

ERIC NEWTON

BELO HORIZONTE has been the capital city of the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais since 1897. It is a baby among cities, hardly more than half a century old, but it is a large baby, and of recent years it has been cutting its teeth at an alarming rate—if sky-scrapers are the architectural equivalent of teeth. It is an ambitious rather than a lovable city. Wide boulevards radiate from its centre, awaiting the huge buildings that will one day shoot up on their fringes; prosperous villas encircle it, spreading out among the hills. In fifty years' time it may be one of the most attractively up-to-date cities in the world. Today it is a half-finished muddle. For the ordinary traveller it is not a destination, but a starting point on a journey to the old capital, the little city of Ouro Preto, far away across mountain ranges, once the centre of the gold-rush that began in the early eighteenth century and had exhausted itself before the century ended. But even the name Ouro Preto ('black gold') only dates back to 1823. Before that the little town was called 'Vila Rica of Our Lady of Pilar', the hub of the mining district and the seat of the 'Capitania', famous in history as the place wherein, in 1789, Tiradentes, leader of an underground movement to counter the oppression and greed of the Portuguese Government, hatched a plot to free the gold-workers from their subjugation, and was then betrayed, taken to Rio and executed. Tiradentes, whose head was exposed on a pole in the main square of Vila Rica, is now a national hero.

Tiradentes left nothing behind him but a short chapter in the history books, and a rather formidable commemorative slab of marble in the museum at Ouro Preto. But the gold-mining fraternities of the town bequeathed to posterity a more enduring monument—the architectural legacy with which this article is concerned.

The state of Minas Gerais stretches northwards from Belo Horizonte, and most of it can be reached only by roads that hardly deserve so dignified a name—interminable ribbons made of earth, stones and boulders, winding among the mountains, sometimes working their way sensibly along slopes, sometimes impatiently rushing up and down them at a gradient of one in three. The earth is red, varying from the colour of a ripe tomato to a purplish crimson, and in dry weather the dust settles gently on and works its way into one's clothes and hair. The five-hour drive from Belo Horizonte to Ouro Preto slowly transforms one into an animated terra-cotta statue.

The average European mistakenly envisages the hinterland of Brazil as a luxuriant tropical jungle, inhabited by gaudy parrots, chattering monkeys and deadly snakes. The mountain country of Minas Gerais differs, in fact, from the barer parts of the Scottish Highlands only in the tell-tale presence of occasional palm-trees, black-skinned inhabitants and a type of architecture that is manifestly of Portuguese origin. As the car jolts round the shoulder of a hill and gives one a first glimpse of the town, Ouro Preto might be almost any large hill-village in south-western Europe. A closer view reveals differences, but they are not striking; a certain lack of European finesse in the proportions of the houses, an unconventional vigour in the façades of the churches, a silence in the steep streets, and an unexpected absence of traffic. Ouro Preto is a

city whose life must have ceased to develop somewhere about the thirties of the nineteenth century. Even then it was still under the powerful spell of the eighteenth, which, in its turn, was a belated, provincial version of the European seventeenth. It is a city of the past, hardly conscious of its own obsolescence. It nestles elegantly and lazily among folds of the hills. As far as one can see, no building has been added to it for considerably more than a century except the hotel built in its centre by Oscar Niemeyer, the well-known Brazilian designer of sky-scrapers. He, knowing that Ouro Preto must be treated with reverence, built it long and low, against the mountain side, and though its interior is not unlike that of an up-to-date winter-sports hotel in Sweden, the building is not an anachronism. It becomes invisible as soon as one has left it.

Ouro Preto is an arrested, not a dead city. The Declaration of 1933 that turned it into a National Monument was unnecessary. It had automatically become one a century earlier. Apart from the visitors who spend a week or so at Niemeyer's hotel to explore the town and gape with astonishment at its churches, the only evidences of contemporary life are the students of the School of Mines housed in the old palace of Governors. The rest of the town is a sleepy and contented relic, using the methods and behaviour of the past, and clinging to the piety of the past.

Without its churches, Ouro Preto would be gracious but not memorable. But it would be unthinkable without its churches. They perch on spurs of the hills, white, patterned with grey—white-washed walls with pilasters and mouldings and carvings in the local grey soap-stone. They dominate the town with their sturdy little towers and cupolas. There are about twenty of them, though some are mere chapels. Seen from the outside, most of them are interesting enough specimens of Brazilian baroque, and one of them—the *Church of St. Francis of Assisi*—is an architectural masterpiece. But their *raison d'être* for the student of architecture is not to furnish the town with façades and cupolas, but to contain an astonishing wealth of Baroque fantasy of a kind which, I imagine, has no parallel outside Brazil.

Enter almost any one of them through the heavy west doors (always painted blue, almost always decorated with massive cushion-panelling), pass round the wooden screen that blocks the entrance to the nave, and you are confronted quite suddenly with a vision of glittering exuberance. Behind the High Altar is a deeply-recessed, grotto-like sanctuary flanked by twisted columns that sustain a canopy crowded with angels, cherubs, and decorative motives, gilded and painted in the colours of a children's toyshop. Behind them rises, tier on tier, and loaded with candles and vases of flowers, the pedestal that supports the principal statue. Here the carving is even richer, the polychrome ornament even more exuberant, the gold more insistent. According to the size of the interior, the side altars vary in number, but they repeat, on a smaller scale, the effect of the sanctuary. It is an effect that could only be obtained by a community of immense wealth, intense piety, reckless extravagance and child-like innocence. The luxury of the Arabian Nights, intensified by Christianity, has been translated into the idiom of Portuguese baroque. Yet the idiom has lost its native aristocracy and taken on an endearing bucolic accent. It is as though a millionaire had rebuilt one of Mr. Pollock's toy theatres in real gold and precious stones.

On the ceilings of the nave and sanctuary are paintings even more naïve and even more visionary. On the side walls of the sanctuary are elaborately-framed panels in monochrome, usually depicting scenes from Old Testament history and imitating Portuguese tiles. Marble being unobtainable, there is a good deal of painted marbling in the architectural surrounds.

The history of the craftsmen and architects who produced these extraordinary interiors is fairly well documented, though it is by no means complete. The earliest of the Ouro Preto churches, *Our Lady of Pilar*, was begun in 1720, but most of them date from 1750 onwards. The golden age of ecclesiastical baroque in Brazil was the

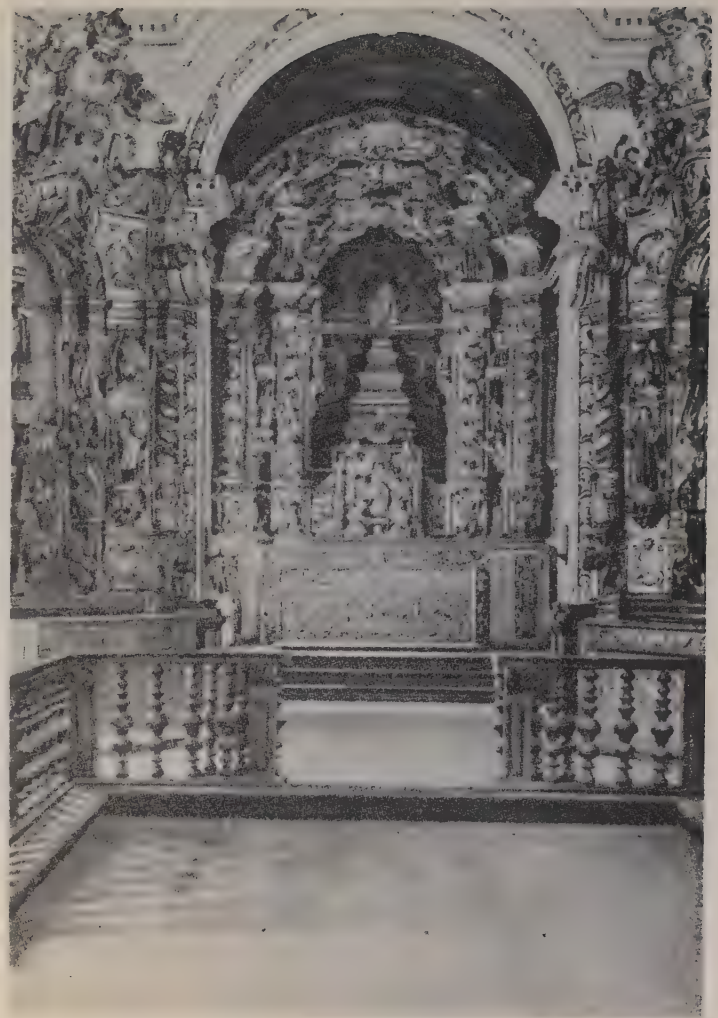
THE ANGEL OF CONSOLATION

From the Stations of the Cross in the Sanctuary of the Church of Bom Jesus de Matozinhos

Church of St. Francis of Assisi

Parish Church of Our Lady of Pilar

Church of Our Lady of Carmel *Tile work in the Sanctuary*



Chapel of Padre Faria *Sanctuary*

Church of Our Lady of Carmel, Sabara
Ceiling of Nave, painted by Joaquim Gonçalves da Rocha

third quarter of the eighteenth century, and the almost legendary figure of *Aleijadinho*, the crippled mulatto, who was fully dealt with in an article in *World Review* (March 1951) by J. B. Bury, dominates the period. It was he who designed many of the façades, carved the best of the pulpits, conceived architectural ensembles and finally made the remarkable set of twelve life-size statues of prophets in the neighbouring town of Congonhas do Campo. But Aleijadinho must have had a small army of assistants, both craftsmen and architects, and they, in their turn, must have inherited a firmly-established tradition. An uncle of Aleijadinho is known to have been one of the builders of the church of *Our Lady of Pilar*.

One can trace the development of the style from 1720 onwards. Its earliest examples are, naturally, the nearest to the Portuguese prototypes. They are more solidly sculptural, and, though no less elaborate, they are less innocent and gay than the later ones, and the purely local conventions for painted patterns and bulbous cherubs have not yet been evolved.

A good deal of research has already been done on the personalities who contributed to the movement, but a detailed analysis of its stylistic development still remains to be worked out. The most perfect example of the style is certainly the church of *St. Francis of Assisi*, designed by Aleijadinho, who was also responsible for its pulpits, its carved reredos, and an elaborate lavabo in the sacristy. But the painted decorations here, and in many of the other churches, were continued, without a stylistic break, into the early years of the nineteenth century. One of the most charming of the mural painters, Manuel da Costa Ataidé, added the paintings in the roof of the nave of the church of *St. Francis* and the imitation tile-work dado between 1801 and 1810.

The ten most important churches, in chronological order, are *Our Lady of Pilar* (begun 1720), the *Chapel of the Padre Faria*, the *Church of St. Joseph* (1752), the *Church of St. Francis of Assisi*, *Our Lady of Carmel*, (1766), *Our Lady of the Rosary* (1785), *St. Ephigenia* (1785, one of the most elaborate; yet the names of architects and painters alike are unknown), the *Upper Church of Mercy*, the *Chapel of St. Michael and All Souls* and the *Church of St. Francis of Paola*, begun in 1804.

Of all the painted ceilings in the Ouro Preto district, the most impressive and original is in the *Church of Our Lady of Carmel* in Sabará. It is by a certain Joaquim Gonçalves da Rocha, whose dates I cannot discover—but provincial baroque is timeless, for it is out of the main stream, and new movements pass it by, leaving it to the individual genius of the artist to add to or dilute its original flavour. Rocha has certainly added to it something of his own Blake-like personality. In the centre of the curved ceiling, surrounded by a frieze of saints precariously balanced on a painted balcony in conventional worm's-eye-view perspective, is a vision of St. Elias ascending to Heaven in his fiery chariot. Below is a lovely green landscape with a blue river wandering through it, milder and more pastoral than that provided by the surrounding country. Above, among rolling blue and white clouds, sits the saint, placidly seated in the sort of chariot one would find in the village fair-ground, drawn by two white horses that belong equally to fair-ground mythology, against a background of scarlet flames. Blake could have invented it, Fernand Léger could have painted it, but neither artist could so convincingly have fused the apocalyptic with the innocent.

2

NEW BOOKS

MARSHAL WITHOUT HONOUR By Ewan Butler and Gordon Young. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15s.

Reviewed by Bernard Causton

Other totalitarian dangers have so preoccupied public opinion recently that there is a tendency to minimise in retrospect the National Socialist menace and even, because of such mistakes in statesmanship as the Potsdam Agreement, to doubt whether the 1939–45 war was worth fighting. If public opinion in Britain, weary of war memories and present austerities, falters in its conviction that that liberation was worth while, it cannot help the new leaders in Germany along the path towards European co-operation. A welcome reminder of what National Socialism was and how it held the world to ransom is provided by this competently-documented and well-written biography of Hermann Goering by two pre-war British correspondents of *The Times* and Reuter. The purpose of this book, their preface points out, is to enable the reader to deduce from the facts presented, his 'character and temperament . . . the influences which turned him into a hero or a criminal, the motives for his action . . .' After collating much information, the authors indicate the sources from which it is derived, and suggest the degree of credibility to be attached to various statements quoted.

Early chapters tell the story of Goering's childhood, military training, exploits in the 1914–18 war as a flying officer of the Richthofen *Geschwader*—which, as pointed out here, cannot be translated literally as 'squadron'—and his refusal, as its subsequent . commander, to surrender its aircraft to the French at Strasbourg. Determined to defeat post-war fulfilment of the Versailles Treaty, Goering, the demobilised captain, joined Hitler who deputed him to lead the S.A. and thereby arose the long rivalry with Röhm, culminating in his assassination in 1934. The rivalries and vendettas between Nazi leaders, and the abortive Munich 'beer-cellar *putsch*' in which Goering was severely wounded when the State police opened fire—all this has been recounted before. New here, however, is the account by a Swedish psychiatrist of Goering's subsequent treatment as a morphine addict at a Stockholm hospital —drugs had been administered to deaden the pain after the surreptitious operation to remove the bullets at a clinic in Innsbruck where the Nazi fugitives from the *putsch* had conveyed him for safety from arrest. In 1927 the proclamation of an amnesty enabled Goering to leave Sweden and return to Germany, there to resume plotting. Another disclosure offered by this book is that during his—at the time much criticised—visit to Germany in 1935 Colonel Charles Lindberg contrived, by playing on Goering's vanity, to elicit data on the Luftwaffe's expansion hitherto unobtained by the American Service attachés in Berlin.

The book opens with a citation from the Nuremberg trial's judgment on Goering, pronounced by Lord Justice Lawrence: 'There is nothing to be said in mitigation . . . the record discloses no excuses for this man.' Some pains had been taken to depict the lights and shades of Goering's character, his physical courage and moral cowardice, his periodic candour and his tendency to temporise. Various episodes illustrate his fear of Hitler and Himmler, which precluded him from playing the part of 'the one decent Nazi leader', which some sentimentalists would have liked to attribute to him.

After the outbreak of war in 1939, a Swedish business man, Birger Dahlerus, who had been briefed with the Chamberlain Government's views—no longer appeasement—visited Carinhall and to his surprise was confronted, before Goering's return, by a stranger who introduced himself as Admiral Canaris. Dahlerus, unaware of the ambiguous rôle played by the *Abwehr* chief, as informant of Allied Intelligence, suspected Canaris of being a Gestapo agent or at least one of Ribbentrop's emissaries, and nothing was gained, therefore, by this conversation. Canaris

asked many questions 'to which the Swede replied with the utmost circumspection.'

The authors conclude that, by effecting this introduction with Dahlerus in his own absence, Goering had wished Canaris to acquaint the Swedish visitor confidentially with the internal political situation in Germany, 'and that the Opposition might thus be nerved to take action against Hitler—action in which Goering himself would not be directly involved.' This assumption, based on the likelihood that Goering wished to be 're-insured' either way, does not seem improbable. He cherished the belief that the Anglo-American attitude towards him 'is more favourable than towards other political leaders in Germany.' This is quoted from the radiogram sent in 1945 to Admiral Doenitz by Goering, supporting a plea that he might 'officially approach Eisenhower, as one Marshal to another.'

The plea having been ignored, Goering dispatched his chief A.D.C. to the nearest American H.Q., requesting an interview with the Allied Commander-in-Chief. Instead, Goering was confronted with General Stack and taken into custody. Concluding chapters describe Goering's histrionic demeanour as the last great Nazi Führer, at the Nuremberg trial, and discuss the most credible explanations of the way in which he procured the poison with which he cheated the hangman. Rather than attempt to rival Trevor Roper's account of Hitler's last days in the Berlin bunker with a similar reconstruction of Goering's nadir and nemesis, the authors have retold as a consecutive narrative his rise to notoriety and fall, leaving the readers to draw their own conclusions.

PÉTAIN: PATRIOT OR TRAITOR?

By Sisley Huddleston. *Andrew Dakers.* 15s.

Reviewed by C. H. Sisson

If it is no longer true, as it was when Mr. Sisley Huddleston wrote the words in 1927, that 'the peace of the world may hereafter largely depend on our understanding of the French', it is still true that the survival of Europe is impossible without the survival of France, and it consequently behoves us, as well as becomes us, to understand our neighbours. The tourists trooping through Victoria on their way to or from a land of *biftecks* and wine have contributed less than might have been expected to our understanding. In particular, the one-sided story we heard during the war has not been rectified.

But the story of France during the occupation has two sides, or perhaps more. In the most simplified version, there is the world of Pétain as well as the world of De Gaulle. There was a Liberation, but there was also something which Mr. Huddleston does not hesitate to call a Revolution. There was a Terror which claimed four or five times as many victims as the Terror in the French Revolution children read about in their history books. It was carried out by people calling themselves our friends, under the tacit protection not of German arms but of our own. In the general opinion of this country, obloquy has been reserved for the victims of the *épuration*.

It is not for us to take sides in this squalid and distressing history. One may hope that, at this date, it is not for Frenchmen to do so either. Before Pétain died, De Gaulle himself had joined those who were asking for his release from the imprisonment to which he had been condemned after trial by a court having no legal existence. But a reconciliation of Frenchmen can hardly take place until it is officially recognised that the majority who stayed at home and respected the legitimate government of Pétain behaved honourably, and that Pétain himself did so.

Mr. Sisley Huddleston has written precisely the book that was needed to improve our understanding of the present state of France. His profound knowledge of the country and long study of the practice of diplomacy made him an incomparable observer, from his point of vantage in Monaco, of the events he records. Occasionally we may, from the point of view of this side of the Channel, prefer a different emphasis, as in the matter of the bombing of the Renault works. And we may think that some of the ills attributed specifically to the Fourth Republic are the common ills of the century. But we must accept his general verdicts. And we may meditate the moral that almost no price is too great to pay for national unity.

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TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY

By E. M. Forster. *Edward Arnold & Co.* 21s.

Reviewed by C. H. Sisson

Mr. Forster has selected for this collection of assorted articles a title which suggests that this is a political book, but we are not surprised to find that it is not. For we have read the published works of Mr. Forster and been delighted by them, and we know that he lives in a world secluded from brutal events. Not that he is unaware of such things. On the contrary: a considerable part of this book is given over to the public horrors of the years since 1936, when *Abinger Harvest* was published. But Mr. Forster is not concerned with the logic of the world of bullets and administrations. He is concerned with the effects of outer events on a narrow circle of people.

It is not that Mr. Forster does not care for the fate of the great community. No one could doubt his concern. But he barely believes in a world outside his own. He peeps out, like the Schlegels in *Howard's End*, from behind the curtains of the Edwardian rentier. That is as good a stand as another, and all would have been well if Mr. Forster had not felt that he really ought to keep up with the great world. Mr. Forster is exquisite so long as he does not venture beyond private occurrences and the flutter public events make among those 'sensitive people' he loves and cherishes and for whose values, which have a piece of the permanent in them, he would undoubtedly be willing to die if there were a suitable domestic opportunity.

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Vol. II. Northern Italy and Tuscany.

By Bernard Wall. *Paul Elek.* 18s.

The second volume of Mr. Wall's study of Italy covers, as he says, one of the most complicated and variegated areas in the world and includes special chapters on Milan, on Florence, and on Venice and the lagoons. As a traveller and as a historian, Mr. Wall has a number of rivals, but he stands alone in his knowledge of modern Italian painting and literature. The great virtue of the book is the way he relates this knowledge to the ancient landscape and the 'pulse of history' which beats in the stone of Italian cities.

WILKIE COLLINS

By Kenneth Robinson. *The Bodley Head.* 18s.

This full-length biography has been the result of much hard work and research among unpublished letters, but it does not present any kind of coherent portrait and in no way supersedes S. M. Ellis's brilliant study in *Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others.* The whole problem of Collins' influence on Dickens, during the time when (as Forster acidly put it) 'what was highest in his nature was not highest in his life', is only glanced at, so is the interaction of the murky opium themes which led Dickens to plan *Edwin Drood* (to show how *The Moonstone should* have been written). Clearly, while writing his book, Mr. Robinson has come to have a good deal of sympathy with Collins, yet he fails to convey the peculiar atmosphere of literary London through the '40's, '50's, and '60's—the 'Owl's Roost' Bohemianism, the curious unreality of the humanitarian crusades, the hothouse morbidity of the pre-Raphaelite movement (Charles Collins, Wilkie's consumptive brother who married Kate Dickens, was a pre-Raphaelite painter). Wilkie's contribution to the art of the novel (very great, if never quite in the first class) is never seriously discussed: his most important device, and it was his own, was his 'shifting' technique—the idea of starting with a given situation and moving slowly round it so as to give a series of changes and surprises—the same facts looking quite different from different angles—not at all the same thing as the gradual 'unfolding of the mystery' employed by Dickens. This device of Collins points forward to the art of Proust and there are many other innovations in the extraordinary labyrinth of *The Woman in White.* This biography treats Collins seriously without doing him justice.

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By Barbara Jones. *Architectural Press.* 25s.

Reviewed by P. M. Fitzgerald

This book is a better medium than the recent exhibition for a serious discussion of the popular arts which Miss Jones has studied so deeply. She calls them 'the unsophisticated arts' — unsophisticated, that is, in the kind of effect they aim at, not in their style (Victorian baroque or streamlining or a combination of both) which is complex in the extreme. They are 'the things that people make for themselves or that are manufactured in their taste'—a workable definition which includes not only tattooing, shop-signs, waxworks, rustication, comic postcards, but 'early industrial' designs for crackers, fireworks and toys and half-deliberate arts such as the arrangement of food. (Miss Jones, by the way, raises the question of why everyone who tries to make pastry twists it into 'instinctively ornamental' shapes. I should class pie-crust with sewing-machines and carpet-beaters as an object so essentially feminine that it demands a curved design, or, in the case of the sewing-machine, a waist.) In her short introduction she puts forward five characteristics of this vernacular art: complexity (well illustrated by liquorice allsorts), impermanent materials like paper and tinsel ('which give to many trifles a subtly unpleasant quality all their own'), a tendency to the baroque, a tendency to the horrific, and energy. To these I should add lack of originality, since all the motifs have a distant origin in something which was once fashionable, expensive and desirable.

Naturally there must be many compressions and omissions and one should be grateful for the amount of ground covered: I wish, all the same, that there had been room for something about marbling, cigarette cards, 'fancy dress', Tottenham Court Road furniture and publications such as *Old Moore's Almanack*.

The letterpress, also, is a little disappointing, for Miss Jones skates rapidly over the vast subject and is often tempted to irony and even facetiousness. When, however, she has room to let herself go a little, as in the chapters on waxworks and the rustic woodwork at Canford Magna, she shows a connoisseur's devotion and knowledge. And throughout the book, she charms the reader by her occasional scrupulous notice of small details (the dark green tin vases in the churchyards, the paper hats in crackers, 'fragile, rakish, creased and unbecoming', the dolls' tea-sets—'at first they are carefully arranged on the carpets with the dolls and animals sitting staring round them, but soon they are used for mud-pie moulds and at last are abandoned on the grass.') The photographs are excellent and the author's own drawings are made with loving care. Perhaps one day she will make some kind of *catalogue raisonné*. Meanwhile this book, irresistibly attractive in appearance, is to be highly recommended, since it is the only available study by an expert in a most important field.

HOMAGE TO PICASSO ON HIS 70th BIRTHDAY

DRAWINGS AND WATERCOLOURS SINCE 1893, with an introductory essay by Roland Penrose and Paul Eluard's poem: 'Picasse Bon Maître de la Liberté'. *Lund Humphries.* 35s.

Reviewed by J. P. Hodin

With a very attractive cover—in fact the water-colour which Picasso made for the guest book of the Institute of Contemporary Arts—and in the size of the *Cahier d'Arts*, the book published by Lund Humphries in collaboration with the I.C.A. is a worthy homage to the great and versatile master of the twentieth century. It is not as comprehensive and complete a selection of drawings as was presented some time ago by Christian Zervos in *Les Dessins de Picasso* but it gives an impressive picture of Picasso's development from 1893 until 1951 and has quite a different function. It is the first English publication on Picasso drawings and water-colours in retrospect, reproducing all the items and a few more of the recent Picasso exhibition in the I.C.A. The production is exquisite.

The long poem by Eluard (with an English translation by Roland Penrose) has beautiful passages, but suffers on the whole through a kind of political didacticism.

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Penrose writes in an intimate, and at the same time detached, manner about his great friend, and he pays tribute to 'the generous and sustained power of Picasso's genius which is nowhere more apparent than in his drawings.' He describes briefly the astonishingly novel methods which Picasso uses, his audacity and variety, gives a short account of the metamorphosis of his style, and emphasises the humour of the master with which he tempers his mythology. Besides the important Minotaur series, this volume contains also Picasso's study after the 'Bacchanale' of Poussin, made on the day when Paris was liberated in 1944, or the exquisite 'Harlequin' (1926), 'Woman Reclining and Man' (1931), 'Seated Woman' (1938), 'Bull' (1945) and 'Woman Seated and Lying' (1946). The collection from the early years is impressive. Here it seems that some works have been dated wrongly by the collectors. The 'Self Portrait' dated 1915 is probably as early as 1902, and 'Man Seated in a Chair' dated 1911 seems to have been produced four or five years later (Prof. A. Blunt). Besides the mythological themes, there are some sketches which 'draw their inspiration from the humble and the banal', illustrating Picasso's famous dictum 'that paintings are made in the same way as princes make their children: with shepherdesses.'

DRAMA, ITS COSTUME AND DÉCOR

By James Laver. *Studio Publications.* 30s.

Reviewed by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley

Drama, its Costume and Décor, by James Laver, is not an easy book to read. I sat down to it six times and six times persuaded myself that it was only reasonable to examine the illustrations first. Six times my study got no further than the illustrations.

There are 216 of them; they are all lovely, and not above twenty are likely to be familiar to the ordinary reader. I have never before found illustrations at which I wanted to look so often or so closely—particularly at the scenes of the Florentine *Intermezzi* (designs which reveal something new every time one examines

them) and the enchantingly graceful costumes from the French Theatre.

The text of *Drama, its Costume and Décor* (for one does get to it at last) is a distillation of all that the scholars have written about the history of theatrical decoration, and 65,000 words is no great space to accommodate such a formidable undertaking. Necessarily the whole thing is very tightly argued, but it would be difficult to substantiate a complaint about the omission of anything really important. Indeed, as soon as one has accustomed oneself to Mr. Laver's scale, one is astonished not by his brevity but by the amount of information he has packed into his chosen limits.

Towards the end of the book, where there are no problems to unravel, the task has been merely a matter of reporting. But the earlier part is profoundly interesting, particularly the chapters dealing with the classical, mediaeval, and Shakespearean stages, perspective scenery, masques and 'The Expansion of the Baroque'. One of many exciting things is Mr. Laver's exposition of the four hitherto unpublished designs by Sir James Thornhill. One of these shows a continuous wall, pierced with arches, running up and down stage (in 1705). Mr. Laver calls it 'probably a mere license of draughtsmanship'. Maybe —but it is a license very coolly taken. Behind the times in certain respects, one cannot avoid thinking that in some ways Sir James was in advance of them.

Difficult to read, but only because of rival delights, this book will give the greatest pleasure to everyone devoted to the history of the theatre. The bibliography is a masterpiece.

THE THIRD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

By R. L. Brett. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

Reviewed by James Turner

Kings John and Richard have recently been shown to have been not the villains of the history books, but pure, gentle and loving human beings! Now we have Mr. Brett's book to prove that Shaftesbury was not 'the most absolute and undistinguishing pedant that perhaps literature has to show', which de Quincey made him out to be.

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But even if de Quincey had been right, this book would still have been worth writing and reading. For Shaftesbury, from a certain angle (that of the poet and artist), was the most important man of his time. His 'Characteristics' may be said to have rescued such qualities as love, beauty and truth from the annihilating theories of Hobbes's philosophy.

Mr. Brett's book is divided into sections on Shaftesbury's philosophy, his moral writings and, incomparably the best and perhaps for us the most important, his Doctrine of Ridicule. This doctrine (the attacking of false zeal and bigotry with ridicule) met with much opposition, but actually the whole philosophical theory of optimism, of which Pope's poetry is the outstanding example, owed its being to Shaftesbury's doctrine. That ridicule is a test of the truth was not, on his part, an idle notion thrown off in an idle moment. He meant it and based his life upon it.

Mr. Brett's book is concerned primarily with those aspects of Shaftesbury's writings which are of interest to students of literature. Seventeenth-century thought had followed such paths that poetry found it increasingly difficult to justify itself. Descartes was first of all responsible for this position (*La philosophie de Descartes avait coupé la gorge à la poésie*) and Hobbes only made things worse. Both denied poetry could possibly be dealing with truth. 'Poetry, in attempting to find another and more profound relationship, was doing something that could not be justified on rational grounds and the attempt was either stupid or presumptuous.' Such was the attitude of mind Shaftesbury set out to overthrow.

Mr. Brett's book has the double virtue of being important on account of its subject and of being readable. If Shaftesbury was as dry-as-dust, Mr. Brett certainly is not. The problem, the age and the man come alive under his hands. He has created a picture of the eighteenth century and set Shaftesbury in the centre of it, the chief character of the counter-movement, whose main object in writing at all was to reform the morals, taste and manners of his age.

NEW NOVELS

NOVELETTE AND OTHER STORIES By A. L. Barker. *Hogarth Press.* 12s. 6d.
NUMBER NINE By A. P. Herbert. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.
THE INVISIBLE WORM By Gordon Sager. *Chapman & Hall.* 10s. 6d.
THE GOOD SAMARITAN By John Pettavel. *The Hand and Flower Press.* 12s. 6d.
MITTEE By Daphne Rooke. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
SYLVESTER By Edward Hyams. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by Stevie Smith

Miss A. L. Barker is rightly renowned; she writes well, has a fine imagination and a remarkable gift for pictures and atmosphere. This collection of short stories starts off with a long one which gives the book its not altogether happy title. Novelette here means short novel; but after all few of Miss Barker's readers would expect from her a novelette in the pink plush sense. This first story is about the smouldering feelings of a middle-aged partly Polish farmwife, in middle years, for a young soldier stunned by Dunkirk. It is beautifully evocative—but of what? Gloom. Gloom is Miss Barker's Muse's name, and gloomy she is; not the rich gloom of plumes and black velvet, not galloping across forlorn country on the box seat of an old-fashioned hearse; no, this one is Madame Gloom of the burst pipes in February, of the chilblained fingers picking at the early morning turnips in some low-lying field with the ground fog, yellow in the teeth, biting at the tender knee-bones; or she is Madame Gloom of the misunderstood little nuisance burning up her mother's dresses at the suggestion of a visitor from the other world. Madame Gloom rules all

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here, and the odd result of her tyranny is that many of the stories edge to the margin of that Magazine World, whose door, no less than Hell's, cries *Lasciate ogni speranza* to all true writers who tumble within earshot. It is, one fancies, a slight lack of self-confidence which shoves Miss Barker this way. She need not lack confidence because she has great gifts. Perhaps she should take another look at Madame Gloom; maybe she is no true Muse at all, just a wicked fraud dressed up; in which case a true Muse wants rescuing as well as Miss Barker.

Sir Alan Herbert's book has a fascinating subject; it is those Courses they used to hold for special rating in the Civil Service. Gifted young ones, with the necessary academic qualifications, are invited to a handsome house for a long week-end, and while they are there, they are carefully watched by skilled staff, including a psychiatrist, and they are given papers to write and speeches to make and questions to answer, and all the time the staff is marking them up for intelligence, plausibility, aplomb, grit and craftiness. In his complicated slapstick fashion, Sir Alan makes all this seem very funny; especially Dr. Heriot Maple, the psychiatrist, is very funny, but if it were not quite so complicated and slapstick, it would be a good deal funnier. The trouble is Sir Alan has a good many manias to exercise, and these take up a lot of room, and then, of course, the Civil Service is such an everlasting sitter of a target, almost a hen-bird of a sitter, too, that should be let fly. Snob mania is the strongest of the manias, but there is nothing particularly objectionable about that; snob mania has always been the backbone of British Farce; it is what gives it that old-fashioned air many find so charming; but the anti-intellectual mania is something that is not quite so good, though it shoots with the rest of it straight to the gallery. It is an old Earl Admiral's handsome house that is being used for this Course. He has been turned out, and he is living thunderously at The Lodge, as salty an old noble favourite as ever bawled fond gibberish from the home-deck. He means to get even with them. His son Anthony (Lieut. the Viscount Anchor) is the hero of the story. He takes

the place of one Bass, a service friend, down for the course, and with the help of Peach Meridew, one of those lively girls Sir Alan loves to give us . . . their way of talking is always a bit off key . . . brings things to a happy conclusion—for him; not so happy for the reader of intelligence who will wish that such a splendid theme had been written about by a subtler writer —that serpent Mr. Henry Green for instance.

The Invisible Worm is biting at the heart of an American lady who went to Sicily and loved being asked to parties. But all that is in the past because the book opens with this unhappy lady, Mrs. Madeline West, being found in her expensive bedroom lying across the bed with her wrists slashed; she is dead, quite dead, and the friends wonder why she killed herself, but the fact is nobody is her friend or cares at all about her; there is this large indifference everywhere (except as a nose-to-trail exercise) and very amusing and cynical and true it sounds. One knows these wealthy decked ladies and the iciness that comes out of them because how hollow all's within. The amusing 'friends', the English lady, the Italian priest (sophisticated), the American bridge associates — they are very well-drawn and lively, though of course one has read about them before a good many times, Capri or Sicily, or wherever they may be; they are rather the same thing and one is apt to get the books run together. However, in search of the truth about icy Madeline, Mr. Sager shoots back to the American homeland and gives us some pictures that are not so familiar, pictures of Madeline's disreputable daughter and prig-like son, pictures of Madeline's marriage with the 'charming', and 'unsatisfactory' Irishman (again familiar) and of her childhood. With such a childhood, we understand, Madeline's marriage could hardly have been a success. Mr. Sager writes well and has a pleasant wit and a good heart.

Mr. John Pettavel's *The Good Samaritan* is essentially an uncomfortable man; he is a clergyman in a sea-coast village that has grown into a town, and his parishioners are worldly and gossiping. Not such a one is the vicar; he is a good man who takes his

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religion seriously, but he is always offending his flock; they do not like him, he is so uncomfortable. Florence, his wife, is more 'our sort' they say, and Florence, like 'us', is very properly mortified when the vicar brings the bad young girl home in his car the night she fainted outside the pub when his rear tyre burst. Slowly the corrupt girl corrupts everybody; she is really a bad hat, partly due to being also dotty. Mr. Pettavel writes well of these sad happenings, and they are sad in a quite unrelieved way; but bound to be, one can see that. In the end the vicar has to leave, but he, too, has now been corrupted and corrupted as the author makes fairly reasonable, in his weakest point, his pride. He retires to a miserable lodging near Swiss Cottage and thinks he will write to reform the world; this great illusion keeps him happy, but poor Florence, growing bitterer, can only pull back the shabby curtain and look out on to the black night of North West Six. It is an interesting tale of dismal happenings, the artist's family at the seaside town (the vicar's only supporters) were happier, though the daughter had a sad passage, too, with the criminal curate, and of course Lizzie is a fine strong devil.

Miss Daphne Rooke's dear country is South Africa (her first novel was about a python farm out there); this new one goes back in time to the outbreak of the First Boer War. The story is told by Selina, a coloured girl, or rather half-coloured—her father seems to have been English. She has been brought up as servant and playmate to a Boer young lady called Mittee. The two girls have a fast friend-enemy relationship, very true and lasting and fierce. The hero of this Boer saga is an Englishman, which is refreshing, as the English are usually cast for villains in this part of the world; he is also a missionary. Miss Mittee's young man is a moody, vigorous creature called Paul. But it is Selina who really loves Paul and she is gladly seduced by him, but when their baby is arriving, the coloured young man she is supposed to marry attacks her and Paul shoots him dead, so instead Selina is married off to a gentle, coloured young man called Fanie whose chief pre-occupation is the comfort of his aged mother. Now

the Boer War breaks out, and back comes the English missionary in fighting khaki (he fell in love with Mittee and as she was now married to Paul went off honourably to distant parts). Mittee, who has refused to sleep with her husband ever since he murdered their crippled infant, escapes with the missionary, taking Selina and Fanie and his old mother with them. The passage where the old lady, weighing about five stone, ninety and with fading wits, is bagged by the old lion, hunting close because of senility and hunger, is very telling. This whole passage about old Mrs. Fanie in the rigours of desperate flight puts one in mind of H. G. Well's story *Little Mother up the Möderberg*. The whole book is popular story-telling at its lively best, with the sight, smells, climate and animals of South Africa thrown in for good measure.

Mr. Hyams's book starts off very well with one of those practical jokes which are always amusing to read about, especially when, as here, the victim of the joke is grand and important. Sylvester Green and some brother officers of the Royal Navy get drunk celebrating the end of the war, and on their way back to their ship they steal a pawnbroker's sign and a derelict pram. In the harbour, full of ships of all nations and varieties, there is only one that is well lighted because welding operations have been going on. This is a ship belonging to Agraria, a country rather like Switzerland. The young men take their trophy on board and weld it to the mast and paint it grey and that, they think, is that. But almost at once the rumour starts that this totem nailed to the mast is a new top secret death ray device. After that the story tails off because what began as a lighthearted joke at the expense of Admiralty is turned into a ponderous and naïve attack on war, corruption, politicians and modern life according to Mr. Hyams. There are some very good things in the story and the predicament of poor Mr. Green is made very moving, but unfortunately what should be the sharp sword of satire in the adult hand becomes by the end of the book a battledore with which a cross baby belabours his unregarding nanny. Satirists must never be naïve.

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By René Clair. *NRF. Gallimard, Paris.*

Reviewed by Roger Manvell

René Clair is probably second only to Chaplin in the work he has done, bringing real poetic feeling to the most difficult branch of film-making—comedy—and that for the most part at the most difficult time, when the *film parlant*, which he so much hated, had supplanted the *film muet*, which he loved. No one did more than René Clair to discover the merits of the sound-film during its first five years in Europe.

All the time Clair was film-making in France he was also writing in the magazines of the period devoted to the art of the film and the theatre. In *Réflexion Faite*, recently published in France, he holds a debate with himself; the book is largely made up of extensive quotations from his articles written between 1922 and 1935, into which he interpolates paragraphs of agreement or disagreement, enlarging and commenting from the point of view of René Clair 1950. On the whole, he still agrees emphatically with what the young man says, even if he thinks he does overstate himself sometimes. The discussion, too, is primarily of ideas about the art of the film and its battle for true existence against the combined forces, on the one hand, of crude financial interests which use the film to make the biggest possible money, and, on the other, the literary and theatrical works which superimpose their long-established, wordy traditions on a young art form which derives its vitality from the movement of pictorial images, and which is consequently stifled in its development by their purely verbal techniques.

For throughout this book Clair repeats the same fundamental arguments. The film depends on visual expression, which, he claims, can possess subtleties beyond the power of words. Clair believes that words can destroy the workings of the imagination, which the dream-like unreality of the silent film so readily inspired. Chaplin, trained by that film purist Mack Sennett, is the greatest of film-makers; he is both author and actor, a man who conceives his work in terms of movement and images, unhampered by any of those literary and theatrical traditions which weighted the silent film down with heavily-written titles and, in the so-called art films, with elaborate gestures and obvious symbolisms derived from the façade of spoken dialogue, dialogue which the talking film seized on the moment it was born. He believes the lineal descendant of Chaplin today to be de Sica, the Italian film-director and actor whose finest film is probably *Bicycle Thieves*. The arch enemy of this idea of film-making was Marcel Pagnol, who heralded the arrival of the sound-film as the great chance for the dramatist to record his plays on celluloid and so enable him to reach the universal audiences of the cinema.

The implication of Clair's book, though he only once states it explicitly, is that the cultural dominance of the written word is now threatened by the combined media of film and television, which he regards as a near-parallel of the film. Half-jokingly in 1923 he wrote:

'*Il faudrait envoyer tout le public à l'école où l'on n'apprendrait rien. École ou plutôt office de nettoyage par le vide. On vous y débarrasserait la tête, chers millions d'amis, de tous ces déchets de littérature périmée, de tous ces calmants artistiques que vous absorbez dès l'enfance et qui vous empêchent de considérer le monde et l'œuvre d'art d'un œil individuel, qui compriment votre sauvagerie sensible au point que vous ne poussez plus aucun cri d'extase—sauf en de certaines circonstances trop prévues . . . Or, ce que le cinema vous demande, c'est d'apprendre à voir.*'

(pp. 19 and 20)

Jokes have a habit of turning serious. Recent surveys in America have shown that children there between the ages of five and six spend an average of four hours a day staring at the family television sets, and that a hundred thousand of these sets are being added every day to the thirteen million which had already been installed in American homes by the middle of this year. But we should add that René Clair 1950 reminds his youthful self of the loss he must face if the art of words were to be entirely submerged by 'the pictures'.

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